

FIFTY CENTS

DECEMBER 25, 1972

TIME

HOLIDAY ON SKIS
The Hottest Sport, The Coolest Slopes



IMPORTED CANADIAN WHISKY, A BLEND - 80 PROOF
CALVERT DIST. CO., N.Y.C.

CANADIAN
LORD
CALVERT
FIFTH

CANADIAN
LORD
CALVERT
QUART

What kind of Christmas would it be
if he didn't stop along the way in Canada?

Canadian Lord Calvert

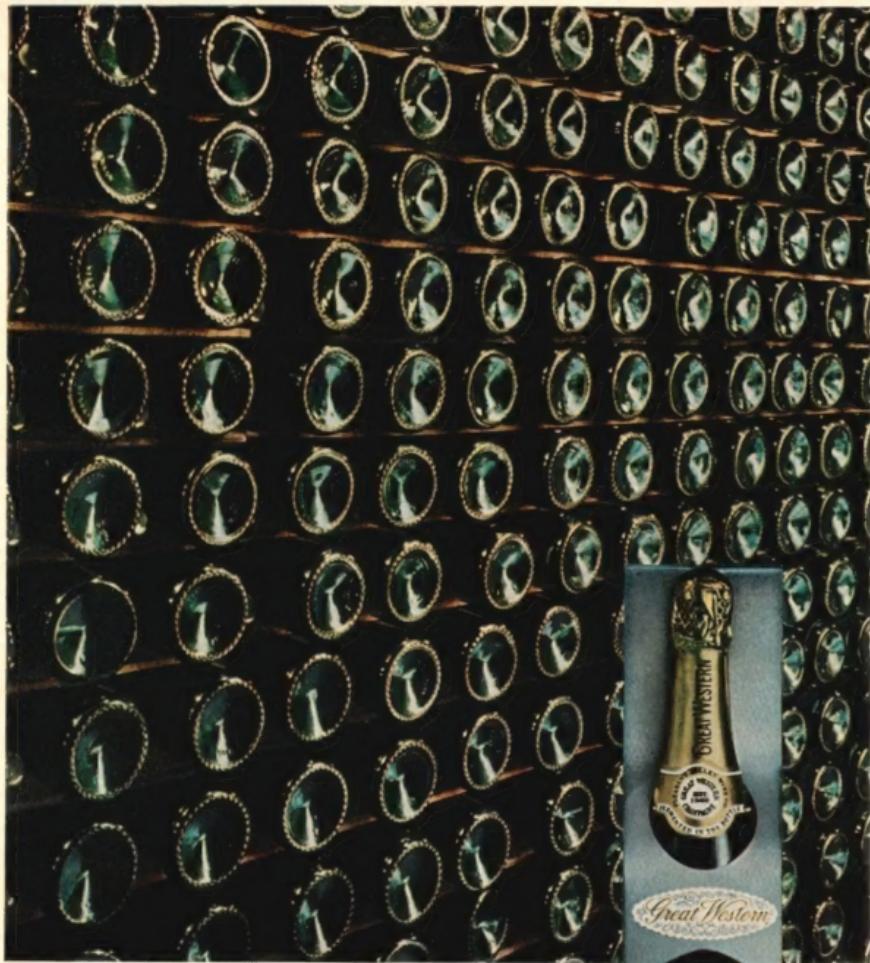
The All-Canadian Whisky

A Christmas Prayer

Let us pray that strength and courage abundant be given to all who work for a world of reason and understanding ♦ that the good that lies in every man's heart may day by day be magnified ♦ that men will come to see more clearly not that which divides them, but that which unites them ♦ that each hour may bring us closer to a final victory, not of nation over nation, but of man over his own evils and weaknesses ♦ that the true spirit of this Christmas Season—its joy, its beauty, its hope, and above all its abiding faith—may live among us ♦ that the blessings of peace be ours—the peace to build and grow, to live in harmony and sympathy with others, and to plan for the future with confidence.

New York Life Insurance Company





Circa 1860.

Some quiet nights in our Finger Lakes winery, you can almost hear our Champagnes fermenting ever so slowly in their own bottles. Their natural bubbles giving life to one of the world's most honored Champagnes: Great Western. Founded in 1860. Winner of international gold medals since 1867. Once you've enjoyed a Great Western Champagne, you'll want to try our dinner and dessert wines. They could become equally famous.

Great Western. The Great American Wines from New York State.

Pleasant Valley Wine Company, Hammondsport, New York 14840. Visit our winery. (And bring friends!)



The Gimlet

Anyway you like it, but always with Rose's.



One part Rose's Lime Juice. Four or five parts gin or vodka. Or mix it to your taste. Straight up or on the rocks. Alone or in a crowd. At home or away. That's the clean crisp Gimlet. The Rose's Gimlet.

The large investor deserves something better.

If you have \$300,000 or more to invest, you're entitled to something better in investment counsel. You have problems and requirements unknown to the small securities investor.

First Investment Advisory Service gives professional guidance you can trust. Your personal Investment Account Manager can be completely objective because he's judged on performance, not by the number of transactions he makes. He's trained to have a broader perspective—to take the long-range view that considers your total financial plan.

He will take the time to give the portfolio the attention it needs. Time you may not have. He'll help make decisions on diversification, capital gains, income needs—decisions based on your objectives and the conditions of the market place.

How your Account Manager approaches your investments will be determined by the objectives set in your first discussions with him. Then, after reviewing your present portfolio, he'll design an investment plan that's yours alone.

Because he can act on his own, he can quickly

make recommendations that are backed by a professional in-house research team and sophisticated computer analysis. And once you've made the decision, he'll take action immediately, using our own experienced traders.

You can exercise complete control or, if you prefer, we will assume full discretion. Either way, your records will be readily accessible and your plan will be fully and frequently reviewed with you.

For full details on how First Investment Advisory Service can mean something better for you, call Terence Lilly at The First National Bank of Chicago. Call him at (312) 732-8440.

First Investment Advisory Service. Something better.

The

First National Bank
of Chicago
TRUST DEPARTMENT

LETTERS

Girls on Main Street

Sir / Why a cover story on Liv Ullmann [Dec. 4]? I see dozens of girls every day on Main Street with more of everything than she has. For one thing, her mouth is too loose. Is this all that Hollywood can find?

GLADYS E. TALBOTT
Richmond

Sir / Your story on polyfaced Actress Liv Ullmann and Director-Lover Ingmar Bergman is a most charming candid classic, a short love story of the lives of goddesses and gods of show business. The superb storytelling makes them fascinating.

JOSÉ LUIS AGUILAR DE LEÓN
Governor
Department of Guatemala
Guatemala City

Sir / I am grossly repelled by your ribald, raucous glorification of Liv Ullmann's adultery.

BOB S. FELTS
Los Angeles

Sir / Hollywood has not produced a single movie in the past ten years that compares favorably with *The Shame of the Passion of Anna*. I hope that Liv Ullmann has the strength to retain a balance between her Bergman-like innocence and the powerful klieg lights of Hollywood.

BILL WHALEY
South Lake Tahoe, Calif.

Sir / Curses on Producer Mike Frankovich, who was so smitten with 33-year-old Actress Liv Ullmann that he lowered the age

of the fortyish heroine of *Forty Carats* (who has an affair with a 20-year-old boy). He has copped out on us women in our 40s who have married 20-year-olds. May he be run into by lady truck drivers, may all his female associates over 40 go on strike, and may Oscar evade him forever. Why can't Hollywood leave a good thing alone?

BETTY JANE JOHNSON
Bar Harbor, Me.

Sir / Growing old is picking up a new edition of TIME, for the umpteenth time, and not knowing the face on the cover. Liv Ullmann? Sic transit Gloria Swanson.

LARRY LING
Oakville, Ont.

Sir / Your comparison of Liv Ullmann and Nora Helmer in Henrik Ibsen's *A Doll's House* was apt. Ibsen was one of the enlightened few of the 19th century who realized that women had problems requiring serious consideration from our conventional society. The saga of Liv Ullmann brings a live modern woman to speak her own piece from her own experience.

MACKENZIE DODSON
Oakland, Calif.

Sir / For shame! Even though her own people "denounced her as a sinner and a whore," you glorified the actions of Liv Ullmann.

H. M. CALDWELL
Torrance, Calif.

Sir / You quote me as saying about Liv Ullmann, one of the most talented and versatile actresses in motion pictures, that she is

"the nicest goddamn actress I've ever seen on a set." That is not my language but only a pitiful platitude in TIME style.

LASLO BENEDEK
Los Angeles

The Angry Man

Sir / You entitled your story describing Julius Hobson's one-man campaign against injustice and discrimination "A Last Angry Man" [Dec. 4]. Perhaps it would have been more appropriately titled "At Last! An Angry Man!"

I hope he isn't the last!

LUCIA CAPRON
Columbus

Sir / Your article on Civil Rights Activist Julius Hobson failed to mention one important facet of his career. Hobson will also be remembered in the future as founder of political parties. He founded the D.C. Statehood Party and gathered 15% of the vote as its candidate for Congress in 1970. He ran for Vice President on the People's Party ticket this year and laid the foundation for its future development.

Don't be surprised if our 51st state is named Hobson.

RUSS GREENE
Brockton, Mass.

The American Dream

Sir / It is true, as you said in your Essay "The Emigrants" [Dec. 4], that the dream was here for millions. My father and mother left Poland in the early 1900s to find the American dream—first, in the coal mines and steel mills around Pittsburgh, followed by the railroads in St. Paul, then on to Mich-

Carlton. Lowest in "tar" of all regular filter kings tested by U.S. Government. Now in Menthol, too.

3 mg. "tar."



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter, 3 mg. "tar", 0.3 mg. nicotine. Menthol, 4 mg. "tar", 0.3 mg. nicotine.
av per cigarette. FTC Report Aug. '72



WEAR RÉPLIQUE

DRIVE HIM WILD

Perfume, Spray Mist, Eau de Toilette.

LETTERS

igan and an automobile foundry in Saginaw. To fill the larder required hard work pouring molten steel in the core room.

They were also working on a family that ended with eleven children. They built a five-bedroom house in 1934, tacky by today's standards, but a mansion then.

Through the years their accomplishments were tremendous. They raised the family, the family spread and the members began their own families. Careers flourished. The American dream was fulfilled.

RAY KARROWSKI

Shawnee Mission, Kans.

Sir / I came from Vienna in 1938, and I say three cheers for America!

BERTHOLD SCHEINBRUNN

Waco, Texas

Mendelssohn and Bach

Sir / In reading your article on the Felix Mendelssohn festival in Berlin [Dec. 4], I was surprised that your musicologist did not take up what is perhaps the most vital aspect of this great composer's career, that is his exhumation of Bach's creative genius.

Since early youth, Mendelssohn had been an avid follower of Bach's music, and in 1829 he staged the first public performance of the *St. Matthew Passion* since the composer's death. Thus the Bach revival got under way.

LESLIE H. HURWITZ
Arlington, Mass.

Sir / I am the Sergeant First Class Robert J. Nicholson (ret.) referred to in your story on Felix Mendelssohn as the U.S. Army sergeant who hunted up the grave and "cleared away the mess." I did not clear away the mess but rather pointed out to Berlin's Mayor Klaus Schütz the neglected condition of the grave. There are many Mendelssohn de-



They're spicy. And, when you serve dishes that people have been spicing up for centuries, you need wine that's been bred to bring fiery dishes down to tolerable temperatures. In Hungary, where people eat what must be the spiciest diet on earth—paprika with everything—they've developed just such wines—a tradition of fine wine-making that's outlasted empires.

There's "Bull's Blood"—Egri Bikaver—a robust red wine that's excellent with steak, roasts, venison, and goulash; Tokay Aszu—golden, fragrant, exquisite, a dessert wine

once so scarce it was known as "Liquid Gold"; Greyfriar Szurkebarát—a dry, full-bodied white wine with a characteristic mellow bouquet unique to Hungary's Lake Balaton region.

Now International Vintage Wines of San Francisco has brought these great Hungarian vintages—ideal with highly-seasoned foods from all



over the world—to better package stores. The only authentic Hungarian wines imported into this country, you can find them with a distinctive "Wines of Hungary" label.



Great wines to serve with spicy food.

International Vintage Wines, San Francisco. Merchants of the finest bottlings of Europe and California.

MOVING?

PLEASE NOTIFY US
4 WEEKS IN ADVANCE

Miss/Mrs./Mr.

Name _____ (please print)

Address (new, if for change of address) Apt. No. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

TO SUBSCRIBE
TO TIME check
below and fill in
your name and
address above.



1 year \$14

MAIL TO: TIME

541 North Fairbanks Court,
Chicago, Illinois
60611

ATTACH
LAST PAGE HERE
for address
change or
inquiry. If you
are moving
duplicate
copies of
TIME, please
send to one
label. If
moving, list
new address
above. Note:
your sub-
scription will
start with
the issue given
at upper left of
label.
Example: 4
JL 74 means
subscription
will end with
the last issue
of June, 1974.

For the college blahs...

go to a large
stereotyped institution... prescribed schedules...
warmed over lecture notes... indigestible finals... four
years long... who's your prof?... what's your number?

(BLAH! BLAH!)

but...

for a bachelor degree program specifically designed to
change that and
give you the choice, try **THE RACINE PLAN**

INTENSIVE STUDIES
YEAR 'ROUND CALENDAR
YOUR CONTRACT
CHOICE OF SAVINGS

2 courses per term (or 1 if you choose)
32 courses for degree requirements

six terms of seven weeks, vacation
periods when best time for you
finish in $2\frac{1}{2}$ years, or take 4,
or in between, or more

-time: if you choose to finish in less than 4 years
-finances: in actual savings and potential earnings

For further information
call or write registrar.


**THE
COLLEGE
of RACINE**

5915 erie street, racine, wisconsin 53402 • 414 639 7100

accredited
undergraduate
and graduate
degree
programs

**PLEASE SEND MORE INFORMATION - I AM
INTERESTED IN THE COLLEGE OF RACINE**

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

clip and send to: 5915 erie street, racine, wisconsin 53402

Three Music Systems Even Scrooge will Love

For one thing, it's pretty hard for anyone to resist the pleasure of hearing his favorite music reproduced musically and naturally, than it ever sounded before, and a stereo component system excels at giving that kind of pleasure. Can't you picture Scrooge grooving on "Pennies from Heaven"? But when would really bring a smile? Scrooge's Christmas magic is that each of their music systems has more to offer than anything else you could possibly find for the price. Even the \$250 system has two-way speaker systems that can catch more "magic" into the tiles longer than any speakers usually found in this price range.

They're part of the new TransAudio line, and until now we couldn't have believed that such outstanding values were possible. For all the systems, well, or almost, feature, that provide the most power and performance available at anywhere near their price.

And all the systems have an elliptical cartridge, the new ADC XL5, which will help your records act much longer and sound better than they could have with a conical cartridge.

With values like these around, there's ready motivation not to treat yourself to a component system this year, and we make it just as easy as possible for you to buy your music system by checking out all the equipment before it leaves the store, watching the cartridge on the record player, supplying the speaker wire, and showing you how to connect everything.

There's a five-year-written warranty (five parts for five years long time) for three years on everything but the needle on the record player, a sixty-day exchange privilege, and a one-year speaker trial.

A free parcel of stereophones and extended amenities for Christmas.

Because it's Christmas, we're extending the warranty, the exchange privilege and the greater trial so that the new generous they cover are dated from January 1st but they still go into December the day you buy your system. And everyone who buys between now and Christmas gets a free, full set of correspondence for playing music whenever you want to without disturbing anyone else.

By the way, if you see a shrunken old guy in 19th-Century garb hanging around, it's us. We're here to help you with the



\$250 May Be All You Have to Spend

If you live in a small apartment and your interest in bass doesn't extend much below the range of a cello player, but \$250 system should be exactly what you've been looking for. You save \$66, just to make the system even easier.

The new TransAudio 1008 is a good record player, too, powered by the Pioneer SX-424 AM/FM stereo receiver. They're two-way systems, though, a

price商量商量, less \$75 a pair,

and their eight-inch bass speakers will do justice to your favorite string quartet's cello player. The two-way systems found in most other \$250 music systems can't pick up his low notes at all. The Pioneer receiver also has quite a lot to offer for its money, \$179.95 price, including the walnut case. These 24 RMS watts of power, a tuner section that brings you a clean rendition of just about any station on the

air, and, among other features, a loudness-control switch so you can hear all of the low bass even at low volumes. The record player in this system is also a fine value. It's the totally reliable Garrard 408. Its \$60.90 price includes a base and the excellent ADC XL5 elliptical cartridge, some thing else you won't find in other \$250 systems.



\$249.95





A \$10 Gift That Can't Miss for Anyone Who Has a Cassette Recorder

It's Pacific Stereo's cassette care kit with four new 90-minute low-noise/high output blank cassettes. Your recordings will sound swell! (unless you use the special Ampex cleaning demagnetizing cassette that's also in the kit.) The sturdy plexi container holds 12 cassettes in a convenient filing system. If you bought all of these things separately, we'd pay \$15.90. Even the kit usually sells for \$12.95, but this Christmas, \$9.95.



The First \$400 System That Can Do Justice to Bach Organ Fugues

If you've been wanting a component stereo system that can set a big room throbbering with Bach's low organ notes, you probably never hoped to find one for \$400. Even the \$136 saving doesn't entirely explain it. Three-way speaker systems with twelve-inch bass speakers make the low notes possible, and the TransAudio 1012's sell for a mere \$159.90 a pair. The music's reproduced very cleanly, low bass notes and all, because the Spectrosonic 210-4 is a direct-coupled receiver with nothing between its transistors and

the speakers to muddy the sound. The 210-4 has 64 RMS watts of power, a very good tuning section, and a host of convenience features including a convenient front panel switch for a four-channel adapter. In fact, we don't know of any other \$299.95 receiver that can come close to the 210-4 for power, performance and features. The walnut case is extra.

The Garrard SL55B record player has a

synchronous motor that can't waver in speed even if house current fluctuates. There's a cueing mechanism, and an anti-skate control to prevent uneven record wear. The \$75.90 price includes a base and the ADC XLS elliptical cartridge.



\$399.95

\$600 Gets You Something Pretty Great

This group of components has the ability to bring out music that you probably never even knew was on your records, and the \$197 saving is pretty great too. When drums are hit or pianos struck, the Spectrosumic 310-4 AM/FM stereo receiver can provide the tremendous amount of power needed to capture the details of the attack. Its 100 RMS watts of power (more than any other \$400 receiver can supply) are delivered across a wide bandwidth, so even low notes won't be slurred or blurred by inadequate power. The 310-4 is a direct-coupled receiver with nothing between its transistors and the speakers to muddy the sound. There's an ultra-sensitive tuner section to bring in broadcasts with the utmost clarity. The host of features includes separate bass and treble controls for each stereo channel, and a two-channel/low-channel switch on the

front panel to make adding an adapter very easy. Both are conveniences not often found in this price range. The walnut case is extra.

The ADC XLS elliptical cartridge on the Garrard SL72B also helps this system pick up all the musical details on your records, and the record player itself stands out in virtue of having everything you need for first rate record performance, including a synchronous motor which locks into house current, an turntable speed can't change and produce wavering pitch even if the current fluctuates. The 72B is hard to beat for \$116.90 and the ADC XLS.

Finally, the Fisher XP-77 speaker systems

reproduce the full range of music with a naturalness you'll like very much. Each walnut cabinet has a ten-inch base speaker, a midrange and a treble speaker which combine to reproduce every note with precision. \$279.90 a pair is really very little for these fine three-way systems.



\$599.95

PACIFIC
STEREO

LETTERS

HUNGARIAN FOOD IS JUST LIKE MEXICAN.

Between chile and paprika, you have a hot time of it either way. And when you serve dishes that people have been spicing up for centuries, you need wine that's been bred to bring fiery dishes down to tolerable temperatures. In Hungary, where people eat what must be the spiciest diet on earth, they turn down the burners with Tokay Aszu, a golden wine with a faintly maderalike flavor. Now this classic Hungarian vintage is available in better package stores here. Next time you're serving spicy food, take the edge off the way the Hungarians do.



HUNGARIAN TOKAY ASZU
International Vintage Wines, San Francisco.

MEXICAN FOOD IS JUST LIKE ITALIAN.

Pepperoni. Garlic. Green chile or red. When you serve dishes that people have been spicing up for centuries, you need wine that's been bred to bring fiery dishes down to tolerable temperatures. In Hungary, where people eat what must be the spiciest diet on earth, they soothe the effects of paprika with Egri Bikáver—"Bull's Blood"—a chianti-like red wine that's aged in blackened oak casks for top mellowness. Now this classic Hungarian vintage is available in better package stores here. Next time you're serving spicy food, take the edge off the way the Hungarians do.



HUNGARIAN EGRI BIKÁVER
International Vintage Wines, San Francisco.

descendants still living whom I would not wish to offend by the expression used in your article.

(Sgt.) ROBERT J. NIHOUSON (RET.)
Berlin

About Gonorrhea

Sir / In a Medicine "Capsule" [Nov. 27] you give the impression that "silent" gonorrhea in males is a phenomenon found only in servicemen from Viet Nam, who, it is implied, are bringing it back to the U.S. in significant numbers.

Please permit us to set the record straight by pointing out that asymptomatic gonorrhea in civilian males is now commonly recognized in this country, and undoubtedly existed prior to any introduction from Viet Nam. Furthermore, the amount of venereal disease the Army has introduced into the U.S. from Viet Nam is infinitesimal compared with the 40,000 weekly cases of gonorrhea that the U.S. Public Health Service estimates occur here at home among the civilian population.

The Army is doing its best to prevent, detect and treat venereal disease. We're not perfect, but we're not to blame for the entire problem. If there were no armed forces, there would still be V.D.

JAMES H. GREENBERG, M.D.
Colonel, Medical Corps
Director, Health and Environment
Department of the Army
Office of the Surgeon General
Washington, D.C.

Seeing Ghosts

Sir / Return of the West Point phantom [Dec. 4]? The Irish cook, Molly whom you mentioned was not the first astral presence to haunt West Point. General George Patton Jr. wrote the following letter to his future wife, Beatrice Ayer, in 1908:

"Had a dream and saw clearly a man with foaled [folded] General Patton wasn't at ease in the field of spelling] arms at the foot of my head [bed] looking at me. He seemed to be gray and his head was sort of like the head of an Egyptian mummy... It was not in the least bothered by my sitting up but took his time and finally vanished and left the door open. Strange to say I was not very much frightened... Perhaps he was me 4,000 years ago."

Or now?

JIM DUNCAN
Ketchikan, Alaska

Inflation

Sir / As an American history teacher, I think it is ironic that after telling my students this week that the U.S. paid \$15 million for the Louisiana Territory in 1803, I now find that each F-111 costs the taxpayers \$15.1 million [Dec. 4]. It seems that inflation will eventually devour us.

ROBERT J. QUILKIN
Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio

Sir / It seems that no one likes the F-111 except those who know it, the pilots.

DOROTHY NIPON
Weatherford, Texas

Abbie Hoffman on Trial

Sir / Your article on our Chicago trial [Dec. 4] stated that the cost was \$2,000,000. Actually the bill came closer to \$5,000,000, but Jerry Rubin, Bill Kunstler and I skinned \$3,000,000 off the top without the others knowing. Also, your writer failed to

mention the obvious reason for dismissal, namely the arrangements we made with Washington that charges would be dropped if we in turn supported George McGovern.

As to our innocence of guilt, everyone on trial was guilty except me. If you don't believe me, ask my mother.

ABIE HOFFMAN
New York City

Puerto Rican Wall

Sir / In your story on the Puerto Rican elections you state that Rafael Hernández, the Governor-elect, argued for commonwealth status on the grounds that it served as a "great retaining wall" that protected the island's Spanish culture from U.S. domination [Nov. 27]—thus giving the impression that Hernández is anti-American.

The simile "great retaining wall" was used throughout the campaign as the wall that permanently separates the extreme right, which advocates statehood, from the extreme left, which favors independence from the U.S. By avoiding a confrontation between the extremes, the commonwealth retaining wall will serve to prevent conflict.

REINALDO ROYO JR.
Vice President
El Mundo Broadcasting Corp
San Juan

Man of the Year

Sir / The person I nominate for Man of the Year is among the greatest of scientists, political and religious leaders, musicians and entertainers, a superathlete. He has, in the American tradition, worked hard for everything he ever obtained—the Black Man.

ROBERT SPANGLER
Harrisburg, Pa.

Sir / I nominate Dr Alan I. Guttmacher, president of Planned Parenthood Federation of America.

CAROLYN YINER
Gainesville, Fla.

Sir / I nominate New York City's mayor, John V. Lindsay, as Man of the Year.

He's the only one with charisma enough to beat Spiro

ARTHUR J. CUNNINGHAM
New York City

Sir / I nominate Jane Fonda for Person of the Year because of her courage and constant hard work in showing the American people just how tragic and foolish our involvement in Indochina really is.

SUE L. HERSHBERGER
Akron

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

Time Inc. also publishes LIFE, Fortune, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Money, and, in cooperation with its subsidiary, the International Society of Tug-of-War, Tug-of-War.

Andrew Heiskell, Vice Chairman, Roy F. Larsen, President, James R. Shapley, Chairman of the Executive Committee, James A. Lines, Group Vice Presidents, Rhett Austell, Charles B. Bear, Arthur W. Keylor, Vice President-Finance and Treasurer, Richard B. McKee, Vice President-Production, Bernard M. Avery, M. Buckley, Richard M. Clurman, Ralph P. Davidson, Otto Fuhringer, Charles L. Gleason Jr., John L. Hollenbeck, Peter J. Hopkins, Lawrence Laybourne, Henry Luce III, John D. Monley, J. Clarke Mortimore, John A. Meyers, Keho F. Sutter, Arthur H. Thunhill Jr., Jerry Vulli, Punya Wadhera, Herbert D. Schutz, Nichols J. Nicholas, Comptroller, David H. Dolben, Assistant Secretary and Assistant Comptroller, William E. Bishop, Assistant Secretary, P. Peter Sheppé.

Mazda presents the "Elegant" engine.

***It started a
Rotary Revolution
on the West Coast
that's sweeping
the nation.***

Here you see the basic bits of a 2-rotor, rotary engine. Many call it, "The Engine of Tomorrow." To a mathematician or engineer, it's "Elegant" meaning, it represents the simplest solution to a problem.

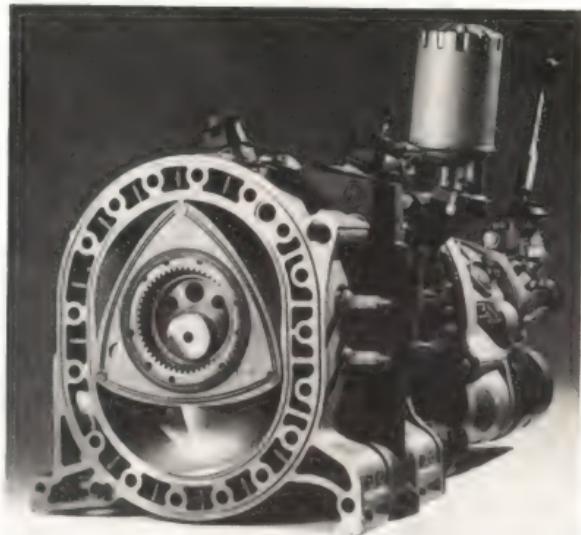
For compared to an ordinary piston engine, a rotary has about 40% fewer parts, weighs less by anything from a half to a third and it's only half the size of a Six. In addition, because of its inherent characteristics, compact shape and small size, the rotary's emissions can be controlled to meet the most stringent standards.

Perhaps a more remarkable feature of "The Engine of Tomorrow" is that for once it is indeed "Here Today!", a viable, reliable reality. And all this thanks to a company called Toyo Kogyo that got its start making machine tools, rock drills and 3-wheel trucks.

Why so remarkable? Because, if the rotary's simplicity is elegant, it is also incredibly sophisticated—a 3-lobe rotor turning through 360° within a figure-8 shaped epitrochoidal chamber, the rotor apexes in constant contact with the walls.

And although since 1958 some 20 international companies have bought licenses to develop a rotary,

Mazda RX-2 Coupe—whirling up a storm of smooth, silent, rotary power



Basic elements of the Mazda Rotary Engine

Mazda is still the only one that has managed to mass-produce thoroughly proven and utterly reliable rotary engine cars at a reasonable price. All other things being equal, the reason why Mazda succeeded where the Giants failed must be a matter of old-fashioned determination and enthusiasm. An enthusiastic auto maker. Unusual.

So much for facts. For fun, a Mazda RX-2 Rotary belts

out big horsepower from only 70 cu. in. Power that's smooth and silent to an almost unbelievable degree. Because the rotary's moving mass spins in the same direction as the driveshaft—no jiggling up and down with pistonitis.

The fun and excitement of driving a Mazda Rotary is better experienced than described. See your Mazda Dealer and give it a whirl. There's just nothing else like it on the road. The Mazda Rotary is licensed by NSU Wankel.

 **MAZDA**
Toyo Kogyo Co., Ltd.

THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Cold Christmas

Viet Nam is the great destroyer of hope. In the years when the conflict was mostly military, "the light at the end of the tunnel" became a ghastly cliché of hope aroused and dashed over and over again. Now that the conflict is largely diplomatic, is the light at the end of the conference table becoming equally elusive? The fever chart tracing U.S. expectations of success in Viet Nam, it has been said, has a recurrent saw-tooth shape: an accelerating rise of optimism just before an abrupt decline.

The U.S. still has much to celebrate at this season, a recovering economy, a calming of the national temper, the beginnings, at least, of a global *détente*. Moreover, it is an axiom that, if the good news from Viet Nam is never as good as claimed, the bad news is never as bad as feared. The negotiations may yet be salvaged, but the Administration's severe setback in Paris, the persistent absence of peace, the inability to free the prisoners by Christmas—all these remain bitter blows. They are also reminders that the Viet Nam War seems to have the durability in American life of an evil spell: everyone who touches it sooner or later seems to fail.

Image of Impotence

After dozens of skyjackings, after the letter bombs, after the Munich massacre, the proposal before the United Nations seemed modest enough to organize an international conference that would draw up a convention aimed at curbing such atrocities.

Last week, however, a coalition of Communist, Arab and African countries scuttled the proposal. The Arab states feared that such a convention would be directed against them. The Africans worried that antiterrorist sanctions would impede black guerrilla movements battling for independence. The Soviet Union knee-jerked its support of the Third World. The result was a resolution stating that the General Assembly is "deeply perturbed" by the wave of terrorism.

U.S. Ambassador George Bush said that the vote enhanced the U.N.'s "image of impotence." The organization's action—or inaction—did something even worse. It was a kind of ratification for the anarchic notion that even the most despicable crime can be rationalized as a "political act" simply by fiat of the perpetrator.

L.B.J. and Tradition

It was against his doctor's advice, Lyndon Johnson said, but he could not resist taking the podium at a civil rights symposium in Austin. The audience, about half black, was split between integrationists and separationists. Johnson's advice: to reason together toward amity—even with Richard Nixon.

Present to the White House a "program of objectives," he urged. "There is no point in starting off by saying he is terrible, because he doesn't think he is terrible. He doesn't want to leave the presidency thinking that he has been unfair or unjust." Then he added pointedly: "It is easier to want to do what is right than to know what is right."

It was Johnson the mediator talking, the Johnson who wants to be remembered as the builder of monuments in the fields of social legislation and civil rights. It is part of the American tradition that a former President, no matter how bitterly controversial his incumbency, is permitted as a last public role that of mellow elder statesman.

Horse Thievery

It was perhaps the most humiliating incident in the history of the nation's largest police department. First, New York City Police Commissioner Patrick Murphy announced that 57 lbs. of confiscated heroin was missing from the property-storage room. The next day it developed that an additional 24 lbs. had disappeared. Estimated illicit retail value \$15 million or more. The cache constituted the bulk of the heroin seized in the 1962 case upon which the film *The French Connection* was based.

All signs pointed to an inside job. A recent lab analysis of the vault's contents showed that much of the heroin had been replaced by innocuous white powder, while ten pounds had been stolen with no effort at substitution. Murphy promised a tightening of security measures, but he may be closing the barn door after the horse has gone. According to police forms, the officer officially responsible for some of the heroin's removal (although there is evidence his signature was forged) was Detective Joseph Nunziatta, who killed himself with his own revolver last March after being questioned by federal agents. In any event, the caper underscored the archaic inefficiency of police procedures. It showed why local forces have such a difficult time keeping ahead of organized crime, which probably instigated the horse thievery.



OCT. 26: "PEACE IS AT HAND"

THE WAR

A Shattering

HENRY KISSINGER deplaned at Andrews Air Force Base after another bargaining session in Paris with Hanoi's Le Duc Tho. A reporter asked, "Do you still think that 'peace is at hand'?" Replied Kissinger with a smile: "That's a great phrase. Who used it?"

The Kissinger coyness that is so delightful at times was misplaced last week. His "at hand" formulation, the attention-grabbing quote given in his dramatic press conference on Oct. 26, had instantly inflated hopes for an end to the long agony of Viet Nam. Now this optimism was dealt a heavy blow. At a Saturday news conference, Kissinger changed his evaluation considerably: "Peace can be near," he said, but—and this "but" loomed frighteningly large.

North Viet Nam would have to decide to resume bargaining "in good faith," as defined by the U.S. Yet Kissinger revealed that his latest round of talks in Paris had failed to yield an agreement satisfactory to Richard Nixon.

In view of the confidence inspired earlier by the Administration's report of progress, the credibility of Nixon and Kissinger is clearly on the line. Kissinger gave no hint of that as he laid all of the blame for delay on Hanoi. He charged that Hanoi had suddenly begun gun-raising "one frivolous issue after another." Tho and his associates would agree on a point, then retreat it or try to make substantive alterations "in the guise of linguistic changes."

Citing one example of the difficulty in negotiating, Kissinger noted that Hanoi was arguing that a 250-man international truce-supervision team, without any Jeeps, telephones or radios of its own to use in investigating violations, would be adequate. The U.S. believes that a fully equipped force of at least several thousand is necessary. "The



DEC. 16. "PEACE CAN BE NEAR BUT..."

Disappointment

"North Vietnamese perception of international machinery and our perception is at drastic variance," said Kissinger.

Despite all of the differences newly injected by Hanoi, Kissinger contended that most were readily reconcilable if the Communists would only return to the cooperative spirit shown last October. He reported that only one really basic clash remained: "we are one decision away from a settlement." Kissinger did not spell it out, but it was apparent that this question touched on one of the fundamental issues of the entire war: are there two Viet Nams engaged in international conflict, or is there one country temporarily divided by an arbitrary frontier and engaged in a civil war?

Impudent. When the secret talks first produced a nine-point agreement between Kissinger and The last October, that problem was handled mainly by using vague language. The announced summary of Point 5 stated merely that "the reunification of Viet Nam shall be carried out step by step through peaceful means," which seemed to imply that Viet Nam is divided now, but only until enough comity can be restored to permit reunification. The U.S. also agreed in Point 1 to respect the 1954 Geneva agreements, which partitioned the country only in a military sense, noting that no political

or territorial boundaries were being created. In early October that language at least seemed acceptable to Kissinger.

In any event, Kissinger on Oct. 17 flew to Saigon to gain the approval of President Nguyen Van Thieu. Complaints by Thieu—about the continued presence of North Vietnamese troops, about the protection of South Viet Nam's sovereignty, about the organizing of national elections—apparently did not seem too serious to Kissinger. He informed Nixon that the agreement was still intact, and Nixon then cabled North Viet Nam's Premier Pham Van Dong, advising him that the agreement was ready to be signed. However, according to the Communists (and this is not denied by the White House), Washington suggested on Oct. 23 that the signing be postponed and new meetings be held to "clarify" some matters.

It was thus the U.S. that asked for clarification of the package—and opened itself up to the kind of tactics Hanoi is now employing. Amid all the uncertainties and the continuing delays, Kissinger's Oct. 26 television announcement of an imminent peace now looks uncharacteristically imprudent. Nixon critics will always wonder how much the haste was motivated by the impending presidential election and how much he allowed himself to be influenced by Thieu's resistance.

When the talks resumed, progress at first was rapid. But the North Vietnamese suddenly turned dilatory on Dec. 4 for reasons Kissinger could not explain. Whatever the cause, Hanoi was not prepared to yield enough to satisfy Washington on the sticky matter of Thieu's sovereignty. On that issue, Kissinger says that any agreement must include "some references—however vague, however allusive, however indirect—which would make it clear that the two parts of Viet Nam would live in peace and neither side would impose its solution by force." That also means, as Kissinger puts it, that the U.S. "cannot accept the proposition that North Viet Nam has a right of constant intervention in the South." That stand seems reasonable enough—although the U.S. may be demanding more, in Hanoi's view, than has been won on the battlefield. At any rate, why the problem was not anticipated by Kissinger at the October talks is still puzzling.

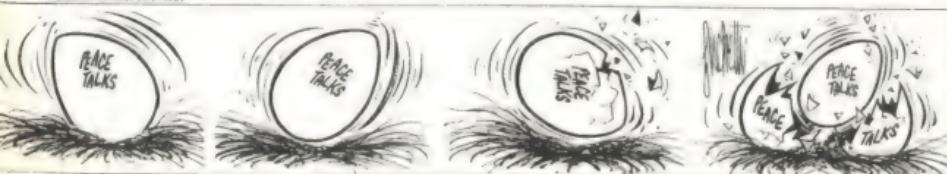
One related issue in the interrupted talks seems to have been resolved by a semantic compromise. While the original nine-point plan made no explicit demand that North Vietnamese troops

be removed from the South after a cease-fire, there was an unwritten understanding that many would leave. Thieu insisted on the removal of all such troops, guaranteed in writing. The compromise, it is understood, drops the word withdrawal and calls instead for a phased mutual "demobilization." The North apparently would be allowed to retain enough forces in the South to keep its Viet Cong cadres from being overruled by Thieu's troops.

Final Test. The effect on both Thieu and Hanoi of Kissinger's disheartening report is uncertain. Thieu last week was still objecting to the original Kissinger-Thieu proposals, claiming they would lead to a Communist takeover within six months. Nixon does not yet seem to have decided just how to handle Thieu if a showdown with him comes—although Kissinger called the matter "moot" until Hanoi changes its attitude. Kissinger did warn, however, that once Hanoi and Washington agree in Paris, "no other party will have a veto over our action." Yet it would be difficult for Nixon to brusquely bypass Thieu after doing so much to build him up.

The U.S. and North Viet Nam seem to be engaging in a final test of each other's nerve. Kissinger spoke out, he indicated, because of the Communist foot-dragging, adding: "The President decided that we could not engage in a charade with the American people." Yet as peace remained so elusive, the American people had every right to feel disillusioned and perhaps even misled.

NIXON & THIEU IN 1969



The Children Have Wept Enough

HHELP! The kittens are climbing the Christmas tree!" The tree sways dangerously in the suburban Baltimore apartment; ornaments fly in all directions. Giggle ecstatically as they call to their mother. Andrea Rander, the girls—Lysa, 12, and Page, 6—streak across the living room and pluck the month-old kittens, Gamma, Alpha and Fluffy, from their perches in the tree. Then the evening news flashes on the TV screen. Andrea and her daughters lock into place, as if in pantomime of a film freeze frame. Henry Kissinger has met again in Paris with his North Vietnamese counterpart Le Duc Tho.

"What does it mean, Mommy?" Page asks. "Is it good?" Replies Andrea Rander: "Time for bed." Later, hearing the glum report from Henry Kissinger in Washington, Andrea sighs: "Oh, no! Here we go again. That's what they've been saying for the last four years." Then she composes herself. "There's bound to be a settlement soon. We'll just keep hoping and hoping."

Last week's scene in the Rander home, which was visited by TIME Correspondent Arthur White, was probably similar to hundreds of others across the country. With an anguished eye toward the stalled Paris peace talks, the families of 554 U.S. prisoners of war in Indochina, as well as the 1,273 other servicemen listed as missing, have resigned themselves to another sad, akephalous Christmas.

The Randers wait in mingled hope and dread for word of Sergeant First Class Donald Rander of Army Intelligence, captured at Hué on Feb. 1, 1968. Shortly thereafter two fellow soldiers who escaped reported that he had

been wounded in the arm but was alive in a Viet Cong prison camp in South Viet Nam. There has been no word from Rander in five years. So his women wait, worry and try to pretend that there is holly in their hearts.

Mrs. Rander, 34, a lovely, petite black woman who met and married Donald, now 34, in New York City where they both grew up, tucks Page in and resumes addressing Christmas cards—a color photo of herself and the children. One of them goes to President and Mrs. Richard Nixon. "I got one from them last year," Andrea explains. "I thought I'd beat them to it this year."

Desperate Pleas. On the back of the card she writes: "President Nixon, the smiles on our faces don't represent happiness or joy during the Advent season. This Christmas marks our sixth without Donald J. Rander, a prisoner of war in South Viet Nam. May you and your family have a happy holiday season. Andrea, Lysa and Page Rander." Too cryptic for comfort, perhaps, but as Mrs. Rander notes: "I wasn't trying to be sarcastic. I just wanted to get the point across." She also remarks that she voted for Nixon this year, though other blacks tried to talk her out of it. She clings precariously to her belief that Nixon is doing his best to end the war.

Like the thousands of wives and parents who share her plight, Mrs. Rander has endured years of frustrated effort in her husband's behalf. Three years ago, at Nixon's invitation, she went to Washington with other P.O.W. wives to discuss what the President termed "the distressing situation of our captured and missing servicemen." Since then both she and her daughters have exchanged letters with the White House, desperate pleas answered with slender hopes.

In 1969 she joined the contingent of wives who flew to Paris to seek information about their husbands. They did not even get an audience with Madame Binh, the Viet Cong chief delegate. Andrea was advised to send letters to her husband through the V.C., but she has no idea if any ever arrived. Last year she painstakingly assembled a Christmas package for Donald and mailed it to the National Liberation Front embassy in Moscow according to Defense Department directions. Last month, a full year later, the package was returned in tatters, marked "Unclaimed." She has prepared another package this year, but memories of the previous cruel stroke give her cold shivers. "I asked myself again, 'Is Donald dead?' Is that why it came back?"

Still, she does not really believe that her husband is dead. Between now and the hoped-for prisoner exchange, Mrs. Rander still has her children and her job at the Maryland Poison Information

Center, where she advises telephone callers what antidotes to take for which poisons. Like the others she also has a friend in the military, her Family Service and Assistance Officer (F.S.A.O.), Capt. James A. Rungay, an Army company commander at Fort Holabird, Md., who keeps her advised on all matters pertaining to the prisoners, and buoys her spirits when she is just plain down, which is often.

Nonetheless, the most important item in the Rander regimen is the preparation for the homecoming that they are sure will eventually occur. Together the three of them pore over the Defense Department pamphlet that tries to answer the inevitable prisoner-release questions.

For her part, Lysa Rander is going to act upon the Defense Department's principle dictum: be natural, be yourself. Says she: "I think maybe I'll stay in my bedroom when he comes home, and just come out when he's ready." Then what? "I'll cry." Her mother softly admonishes: "Don't do that, honey. We've all cried enough."

THE PRESIDENCY

Advance Men Advance

All that was missing from the scene was the distant drum roll and the thwack of the guillotine blade as White House Press Secretary Ron Ziegler briskly announced each day which heads will roll in the President's pruning of the bureaucracy. Last week alone the count of important resignations accepted reached 17, bringing the overall total to nearly 60. Not in memory had a U.S. President made such a clean sweep of his own appointments.

The upper echelons of major departments have been decimated: several are gone from the health sector of H.E.W.; only two of the ten top officials survive in the Labor Department; four are out at Agriculture; five have been dismissed at Justice. Only one assistant secretary is likely to remain at Interior. The sacking of longtime Park Service Chief George Hartzog stirred the biggest outcry there. "He has more competence in his little finger than that whole bunch at the White House," growled a staff member of the Senate Interior Committee, which was not consulted on the firings.

Loyalist. Scheduled to go some time soon is the much respected CIA Director, Richard Helms, apparently a victim of the President's desire to have the entire national security apparatus reflect his thinking and outlook. James Schlesinger, chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, has been offered the CIA post. Amid all the firings, it is difficult for anybody who says he is leaving of his own accord to be believed. Gene P. Morell, outgoing director of the Office of Oil and Gas, demanded a retraction of a Washington *Post* article

MRS. RANDER & DAUGHTERS PRAYING



ARTHUR WHITE



BUSH TO THE G.O.P.



KEOGH TO USIA



SCALI TO THE U.N.

Another sign of the presidential disregard for the bureaucracy.

that said he had been ousted. He had accepted a job with an oil firm, he indignantly explained, long before the firings.

To date, more people have been canned than recruited—another sign perhaps of the presidential disregard for the bureaucracy. The chief talent scout, White House Staffer Fred Malek, is expected to reserve the No. 2 position at the Office of Management and Budget for himself. "It's the year of the advance man," sighs a second-level official as he waits for the bad word. Four of the new appointees were Nixon advance men in 1968. One of them, Ronald Walker, 35, who will replace Hartzog as Park Director, continued to serve as advance man on the President's trips to China and Russia. An official at Interior sardonically notes, "Well, we were looking for a guy with international experience."

Among the more notable appointments announced last week:

► **GEORGE BUSH**, 48, was named chairman of the Republican National Committee. This is something of a comedown for Bush, who has served creditably as U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations for two years: "You do what the President asks you," he says. "And this is what he asked me to do." Bush has let it be known that he would have preferred something else: the chairmanship of the President's party usually has little power and less prestige. The man he replaces made no secret of the fact that he was being ousted from a job he wanted to keep for a while longer. But Kansas Senator Robert Dole had expressed himself too frequently and too wittily for the White House. When he suggested that the President's re-election committee had not campaigned hard enough for G.O.P. congressional candidates, he burned his last bridge. On departing, Dole took a final swipe at his tormentors: "They seem to make it difficult, make it hard on you," he remarked. "I don't know who 'they' are—the faceless, nameless, spineless ones who do it this way."

STEVE VORTHEK

WALTER BENNETT

LABOR

Successful Rebellion

For eight days, miners from Washington State to Appalachia had filed into hundreds of wash-up shacks to vote—polling places with names like "Bill Shelby's bathhouse at the foot of Chicken Ridge." Many cast their ballots at the end of their shifts, still covered in coal dust. Despite the United Mine Workers' violent tradition, there was no disorder. And despite the membership's habit of following authoritarian leaders, the count last week showed that the men were bent on rebellion. By a vote of 70,373 to 56,334, they ousted W.A. ("Tony") Boyle, 70, their autocratic union president for nine years, in favor of Arnold Miller, 50, the courtly, soft-spoken leader of the union's insurgent reform wing, a man just two years out of the mines.

The Labor Department had taken great pains to make sure the election would be honest, fielding 1,000 federal poll watchers during the balloting and hand-picking those who would do the counting. During the last election, in 1969, there was widespread tampering and intimidation. When it was all over, Boyle's defeated challenger, "Jock" Yablonksi, was shot dead along with his wife and daughter.

To a large extent, Miller's victory was a repudiation of the corruption in the Boyle regime. After the Yablonksi shooting, two U.M.W. officials, one of them a close Boyle associate, were indicted for conspiracy to commit murder, and Boyle was convicted by a federal jury of handing out \$49,000 in union funds to political candidates, among them Hubert Humphrey. But they also mistrusted Boyle for other reasons. He had grown aloof and unreachable. He lived high and dressed fancy, and though he won fat wage increases for his men, he seemed oblivious to the occupational hazards of mining.

Miller, on the other hand, was one of their own. A victim of black lung disease, after 26 years in the pits, he had become the chief spokesman for the miners in their battle to win compensation for black-lung disability. He campaigned on the theme of bringing the union closer to the miners—literally and figuratively. He promised not only to reduce the president's \$50,000 salary, but also to relocate the union headquarters from Washington, D.C., to a spot nearer the mines. Miller, who had horrified the traditionalists by arguing for stronger controls of strip mining, credited his victory to the younger miners. "Sixty percent of the work force today are 30 years of age or under," he said, "and they are all very much aware of the issues." His new secretary-treasurer, Harry Patriek, 41, saw it a little differently. He declared: "The men were just plain fed up with the whole crooked Boyle business from top to bottom."



100-402 3118 337-1

OPINION

Split Views on America

WHEN they look in the mirror of their own lives, a majority of Americans—black and white, young and middle-aged, male and female, working-class and professional—are reasonably content with their present lot and confident that it will improve. When they look out of the window beyond their neighborhoods, they are less pleased with what they see. They worry about rotting cities, lurking muggers, rising prices and polluted water. They are skeptical about the Government's ability to be of much help.

That is one of the central conclusions of a forthcoming book called *State of the Nation*, produced by Potomac Associates Inc. and edited by William Watts and Lloyd A. Free.* The study that detected a "bifurcated mood of personal progress but national doubt" is based on an exhaustive poll of 1,806 Americans conducted last June by the Gallup organization for Potomac. Gallup asked each subject 87 questions in an attempt to capture people's estimates of their own status as well as society's.

Each person interviewed, for instance, was asked to position himself and the country at large on a ten-rung "ladder of life." It was up to the individual to define the ladder in terms of factors that affect him. With zero representing the worst possible life and ten the best, the personal responses averaged 6.4—well above the middle rung. When asked to look back five years,

the interview subjects saw themselves standing at only 5.5. They envisaged a step up to 7.6 five years from now. The same trend was apparent in different income, race and age groups. Blacks and the young, though positioning themselves lower on the ladder at present, were even more optimistic about their personal futures than the general average. The same people saw no such progress for the nation as a whole. They put the U.S. at 5.6 five years ago and at 5.5 today, though they did envisage an improvement to 6.2 by 1977.

In exploring specific points of concern and discontent, the Potomac survey, like others, found that public interest has turned inward in recent years. Inflation, domestic violence, drug addiction and general crime topped the list of worries. Viet Nam was only fifth. Communism as a threat at home or abroad ranked twenty-second. Only 52% favored coming to the defense of America's major European allies should they be attacked by the Soviet Union; just 43% favored an armed defense of Japan if attacked by either Russia or China. A resounding 73% agreed with this statement: "We shouldn't think so much in international terms but should concentrate more on our own national problems and building up our strength and prosperity at home."

Exactly where should the emphasis be placed in improving American life? According to the poll, Americans have a definite order of preference in spending public money. Controlling crime should come first, followed by helping the elderly, coping with drugs and addicts and cleansing the water and air. National defense, space exploration and foreign aid came in last in that order (see chart). Americans also have some firm and relatively sophisticated ideas

about how money should be spent in particular areas:

CRIME. A thin majority (51%) felt that the nation had lost "some" or "much" ground in combatting crime during the previous twelve months, while another 26% felt the country had stood still. Yet they did not seem to favor simplistic law-and-order solutions. Asked to choose two or three solutions from a variety that included "putting more policemen on the job" and "really cracking down on criminals by giving them longer prison terms to be served under the toughest possible conditions," 61% opted for a moderate approach: "Cleaning up social and economic conditions in our slums and ghettos that tend to breed drug addiction and criminals."

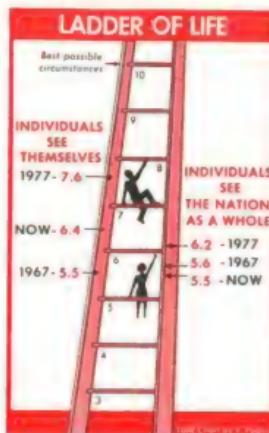
ENVIRONMENT. Americans are apparently now so concerned about pollution that they are willing to make personal sacrifices to fight it. A large majority of 81% said that they would back legislation outlawing throwaway bottles or cans and requiring large-deposit, re-usable bottles. In the same vein, one-half of those who use automobiles regularly said they would be willing to pay an extra \$50 or more for their next car to cover the cost of installing antipollution devices. Of that group, almost one-third were willing to shell out at least \$200. No fewer than 64% wanted to increase the level of spending on water pollution, and 61% wanted to increase spending on air pollution. Those results take on a special significance now that Richard Nixon has decided to embargo more than half of the funds Congress has authorized under the water pollution control bill. Concerned over the environmental effects of continued economic growth, 27% of those surveyed favored legislation against further technical expansion, and 47% favored deliberate steps to limit the population.

CITIES. There was much less desire to meet urban problems with expensive programs: many city dwellers would

*Potomac Associates, formed in 1970, is a non-partisan research and analysis organization. Its previous publications included *The Limits to Growth*, *A New Isolationism: Threat or Promise?* and *U.S. Health Care: What's Wrong and What's Right*. William Watts, 42, a former staff secretary in the National Security Council, is president of Potomac. His work on foreign affairs and public policy Lloyd A. Free, 64, a public opinion expert, is president of the Institute for International Social Research.

simply like to live elsewhere. Said Watts and Free: "The American public as a whole does not seem to realize how seriously the cores of our cities have deteriorated in recent years." Far more respondents (42%) thought that "some progress" had been made on urban problems than thought "some ground" had been lost (14%). When asked specifically about housing, 60% thought that they detected some or much improvement—optimism that simply is not borne out by the record. Perhaps as a consequence of this illusion, or perhaps because of disillusionment with ineffective spending in the past, there was no great enthusiasm expressed for more general urban programs.

RACE AND WELFARE. A clear majority of respondents (63%) believed that the nation had made progress "in handling the problem of black Americans" during the previous year, a belief shared by blacks themselves. Perhaps largely for that reason, "concern" for black Americans ranked second from last among the 19 domestic problems in the Potomac query. Only the issue of mass transportation stirred less concern. The majority was content to maintain at the current level, reduce or end altogether spending to "improve the situation of black Americans." When questioned about welfare in a later survey, respondents indicated that it is not the money they begrudge as much as the free ride. Given a choice between a welfare program of cash payments or a more costly approach in which the Government would train recipients, find them jobs and, where necessary, provide day care for their children, 81% opted



for the higher-priced arrangement. One of the most intriguing findings of all in *State of the Nation* is that the majority of Americans yearn to escape urban areas not for suburbia, but for the truly open spaces. While only one out of every three Americans now lives in towns, villages or rural areas, more than half in the poll sample said that they would prefer such a setting. That figure is swelled by the ranks of black city dwellers (70%) who want to move out. Conclude the editors. "The figures suggest that if the American people could follow their inclinations, the population of our cities would be cut in half. The proportion of suburbanites would remain the same. The proportion enjoying country life would more than double, from less than two in ten to almost four in ten."

The mechanics of the move are less clear. A majority of city people now belong to the lower-income groups, and affluent suburbanites seem determined to keep them out—white or black. Report Watts and Free: "No set of public issues affecting the status of nonwhite minorities was more complex, controversial and farther from solution in mid-1972 than those determining where low-income families could live and work."

Is the government really much help in solving problems? Running throughout the findings is a sense of dissatisfaction with "our governmental system as a whole." To plumb that feeling deeper, the pollsters asked people how they rat-

ed federal, state and local governments in terms of justice, efficiency and responsiveness. The system flunked in all three categories: 57% rated government "only fair" or "poor" on justice, fairness and honesty, 61% gave low marks on efficiency, and 65% were unhappy with governmental responsiveness. A majority of 54% favored "basic change" in the way "our governmental system is now set up." Precisely what kind of change is not certain, though Watts and Free think it drastic. The American people, they conclude, "seem to us to be searching for a new political, social and economic philosophy, one that will infuse them with new purpose."

RACES

Tame Panthers?

For much of their six-year history, the Black Panthers wandered in a wilderness of violence, both rhetorical and real. They packed guns and often sounded eager to use them. Yet that fractious history was nowhere evident recently in Oakland, Calif., as a neatly dressed candidate for mayor listened intently to an integrated group of elderly voters. They were complaining about muggers and purse snatchers. "I know the roughness in this community," the candidate replied. "My own mother's purse has been stolen. I plan to offer a program to stop muggings and prevent this constant preying on the elderly."

The tableau was familiar, but the unlikely candidate was Bobby Seale, 36, co-founder and chairman of the Black Panthers. Panther Defense Minister Huey P. Newton, 30, who founded the party with Seale in 1966, and now plays Mao to Seale's Chou, has explained the shift toward moderation—"The Black Panther Party is not a separatist party. We believe that it's a natural law of the universe that everything is interconnected and becoming more so because of the advancements in technology. As victims of racism, we won't take up that banner."

Gaining Access. By this reasoning, conventional politics has become a central activity. Seale seven months ago started putting together his mayoral campaign in the city that gave birth to the Panthers. His chances are at present uncertain, but other Bay Area Panthers have already proved that they can gain access to political power. Ericka Huggins, 24, who only 19 months ago stood trial in Connecticut with Seale for murder, is today an elected member of the Berkeley community development council, the city's antipoverty agency. Other Panthers have won six of the 18 positions on the West Oakland Model Cities governing board and four of the 14 seats on the Berkeley antipoverty board. Elaine Brown is now running for the Oakland city council.

Seale says that he plans a \$50,000 campaign. Emphasizing racial cooper-

SUPPORT FOR GOVT. SPENDING ON MAJOR PROBLEMS

	Composite scores*
Combating crime	88
Helping the elderly	87
Coping with the drug problem	86
Reducing water pollution	81
Reducing air pollution	80
Improving education of low-income children	80
Improving medical and health care	80
Expanding Medicaid for low-income families	74
Providing college education for the poor	72
Rebuilding rundown sections of cities	69
Providing better mass transportation	66
Building more parks and recreation areas	66
Providing better housing	64
Building better roads	63
Providing low-rent public housing	62
Improving situation of black Americans	57
Spending for defense forces	32
Maintaining U.S. forces in Europe	29
Spending for space	25
Providing economic aid to foreign countries	24
Providing military aid to foreign countries	21

THE NATION

ation, expanded local services and ghetto-improvement programs, he speaks to diverse audiences, including the Voice of Christ Revival, the National Association of Accountants and the San Francisco Lions Club. "I'm running to represent the total city of Oakland," he says. "The excessive rhetoric of three years ago just wasn't conducive to our revolutionary struggle. We're not dogmatic; we want change, not anarchy."

Many whites are unimpressed. Incumbent Mayor John Reading had earlier planned to retire after 6½ years in office, but now may run in the April election for another term. "Seale doesn't stand much of a chance," Reading says. "The Panthers have a lot of sympathizers, but responsible minority citizens with jobs and property don't want anything to do with them." Oakland Police Chief Charles Gain also predicts a Panther loss at the polls, but admires Seale's new attitude and strategy. "I don't think they'll accomplish all their goals in this election, but they may be able to establish a political base so they can try again."

More than politicking is going into the effort. Neatly dressed workers in the Panthers' East 14th Street Oakland headquarters direct an impressive list of projects: breakfasts for children of the poor, a free clinic, sickle-cell-anemia tests and a once-a-week prison bus service for relatives of convicts. During the past year the Oakland Panthers have given away more than 50,000 15-lb bags of food, registered 18,000 new voters and tested 35,000 local blacks for sickle-cell. They have also opened a Wednesday night legal clinic staffed by four volunteer lawyers. They now plan to provide free ambulance, dental and optometry services.

The programs are expensive, though some of the money is contributed by local merchants. Newton says that much of it comes out of his and Seale's pockets. He reports having received "something like \$400,000" in advances on books and magazine articles. Seale has also done well with books.

The Panthers have won increased respect from other, more moderate civil rights groups. Says Percy Steele Jr., executive director of the Bay Area Urban League: "The majority of Oakland's citizens are black. Bobby Seale is no dummy; he has a large following. Most of the programs the Panthers now have were going on in the past, but they were overshadowed by rhetoric. The Panthers are going from guns to butter."

INVESTIGATIONS

Prison Can Be Fun

The American dream lived in John Alessio. Son of an impoverished coal miner, he is a grade-school dropout and a one-time bootblack who became a millionaire with diverse interests in banking, real estate and restaurants in California and horse racing, dog racing and legalized bookmaking in Mexico. One of his enterprises was the erection of a twelve-story office building on the very same street in San Diego where he used to shine the shoes of C. Arnhold Smith, a fund-raising friend of Richard Nixon and Alessio's mentor and business associate. Alessio, named "Mr. San Diego" of 1964 by a local civic group, appreciates having friends in high places. In 1968, after years of contributing to Democratic campaigns, Alessio switched to the favorite and donated \$26,000 to the winner.

As befits a man who attended Nixon's inaugural ball, "Big John" Alessio was a seemingly model citizen—president of the Tijuana Rotary Club, a director of the San Diego Convention and Visitors Bureau, recipient of an honorary doctorate of law from the University of San Diego. "I don't want to be immodest," Alessio once said, "but I've been a wonderful fellow."

Hanky-Panky. The Internal Revenue Service, which began an investigation into Alessio's finances six years ago, did not think so. Despite reported special pleading on his behalf that delayed the inquiry, Big John, three of his six brothers and his son were indicted for failing to report \$1.2 million of taxable income. Big John and Brother Angelo finally pleaded guilty last year (charges against the others were dropped) and received sentences of three years and one year respectively.

Hanky-panky, however, seems to have continued. Last week a federal grand jury in San Diego and Los Angeles indicted Big John and Angelo, their brother Tony and John's son Dominic for conspiring to bribe a guard and other prison officials in exchange for certain favors that made their prison stay rather fun. A week prior, another grand jury in San Diego indicted Angelo, Tony, Dominic and two prison officials for bribery.

Sent to a minimum-security "honor camp" in Lompoc, Calif., a kind of penal country club for a handful of privi-



JOHN ALESSIO AT LOMPOC HONOR CAMP
Entertaining the guards.

ileged convicts, the Alessios lost no time in buttering up the guards. On different occasions, according to the indictment, the Alessios arranged a free weekend at a resort hotel in Stateline, Nev., for one parole officer and his family; they treated another prison official to a lavishly catered sojourn at the Kona Kai, a San Diego club controlled by Smith. Another time Tony Alessio hosted a fishing trip for a guard and three of his friends that ended with a surprise bonus: two nude prostitutes who came dancing out of the bathroom in their motel suite.

Chicken Delight. Back at the honor camp, Angelo and Big John, whose visitors included Smith, Los Angeles Mayor Sam Yorty and former California Governor Pat Brown, were not exactly suffering. None of that gummy convict chow for them. They ordered out. According to one inmate: "The Chicken Delight truck used to pull up at the honor camp regularly." Security was so loose that Angelo once went hunting with one of the guards. The indictment says further that both brothers were often chauffeured out of the camp by a prison official for unauthorized visits to motels, where they conducted business and visited for hours with their girl friends. On other occasions the brothers Alessio are also said to have entertained women in a room off the camp's chapel, where the rites were anything but religious. The high jinks ended after an inmate, rankled by Angelo's attempts to woo his daughter, ratted on them.

Now Angelo, 55, who was paroled after serving 5½ months of his one-year prison term, and Big John, 62, face sentences of 20 and five years respectively and three prison officials have been fired. Last week Dominic, speaking for the Alessios, declared: "We are innocent of any wrongdoing." Big John himself has been transferred to a maximum-security prison on McNeil Island near Tacoma, Wash. Chicken Delight does not deliver there.

STEPHEN SHORES



CANDIDATE BOBBY SEALE
Butter over guns.



Follow the Star... and the Star will follow you

The stars on a clear night are big and bright.
They hang like diamonds in the sky.

Have you ever chosen one star on a lonely road and followed it?
As the silent miles and hours pass have you ever realized that the same star that you were following
seemed to be following you?

Like the roads of our land are the highways of life.

Pilots of planes, ships and trains — and drivers of cars —
all travelers through life, can follow a constant star.

It is the same star the shepherds saw and the wisemen followed
that first holy night two thousand years ago.
It is the Christmas star.

Anyone can choose that brightest star, and in choosing it, follow it.
Its path leads, by grace, to a new personal inner joy and a meaningful
peace to men of goodwill. It is the star that God made
to mark the birth of His Son Jesus Christ,
and He left it in the sky for you!



CONRAD N. HILTON

BARRON HILTON





"MY FAIR LADY" IN MOSCOW



EAST GERMAN TROOPS GOOSE-STEPPING NEAR THE WALL IN EAST BERLIN

COMMUNISTS

Détente Stops at Home

The mid-'70s have arrived. Behind what used to be known as the Iron Curtain, names like Cronkite, Ziegler and Archie Bunker have become as familiar to millions of TV viewers as Brezhnev, Gierek and Honecker. Local papers dutifully carrying the party line are losing a newsstand sales race to Stern, Paris Match and other Western periodicals laden with enticing advertisements. East-bloc vacationers swinging through London, Rome and Paris on American Express tours are surprised to find that the greatest evils in the treacherous West are city traffic and the new platform shoes. Why, they demand, can't the Warsaw Pact disband its 94 divisions and beat its 21,000 tanks into new Volkswagens and Citroëns?

AS Eastern Europe's jittery politburos see it, that is the West's wicked dream and the Soviet bloc's not improbable nightmare. In Helsinki, where delegates from 34 nations will next month resume talks on an agenda for the long-heralded European Security Conference (TIME, Dec. 4), the Western states have been urging negotiations toward a vastly increased flow of people and ideas across the ideological frontiers that have divided Europe for a quarter-century. But that is not exactly what Moscow was bargaining for when it embarked on its historic accommodation with the West. Thus, while the Communist regimes negotiate new deals on the trade and technology that they need so badly, they are also cranking up a noisy new era of ideological confrontation—one that may force some short-

term reappraisals in the West on the depth and meaning of détente.

The note was struck by Leonid Brezhnev shortly after the Nixon summit; with the cold war between the superpowers effectively at an end, the Soviet Party boss in a Moscow speech last June called for a new ideological struggle that would "intensify to become an even sharper form of confrontation between the two societies." In practice, Brezhnev's new offensive is essentially defensive. While they court their new trading partners in the West with unwanted cordiality, the East-bloc regimes are cracking down on their own societies with uncommon force.

The Soviets are leading the way, with a drive on personal freedoms and intellectual life that is fast approaching Stalin-era dimensions. While continuing its running duel with individual dissidents (see following story), Moscow has cut back on all sorts of civil and cultural liberties, and there are fewer showings of Western plays like *My Fair Lady*. Producers must stage works that celebrate such things as Soviet espionage and the victories of World War II. Mail censorship has been tightened; library privileges are harder to obtain. One new decree prohibits use of a telephone "against state interests." Another, issued by the party committee in Novosibirsk, limits citizens to one trip abroad every ten years.

Other Soviet-bloc states have been digging in against détente in other ways.

► **EAST GERMANY**, which this week will sign a treaty formalizing its relations with West Germany, has taken ex-

traordinary measures to ensure that its contacts with Willy Brandt's regime are as narrow and antisepic as possible. East German officials and industrial managers need top-level permission even to receive West German visitors; factory hands have been forced to sign pledges that they will not fraternize with Westerners.

► **CZECHOSLOVAKIA** is planning to establish "houses of political education" throughout the country by 1975. Meanwhile the Husák regime plans a broadcast blitz stressing "the ever-improving conditions under socialism." Its main targets: the 2,000,000 Czechoslovaks who regularly tune in to Austrian and West German television.

► Though **BULGARIA** is already Eastern Europe's most rigidly orthodox Communist country, it has ordered yet another "firm, systematic, irreconcilable offensive" on dissidents. So has **ROMANIA**. In **HUNGARY** and **POLAND**, where fragile experiments in limited liberalization are under way, talk of crackdowns is mostly just talk—at least so far—aimed at keeping Moscow calm. Western plays and films are still as popular as ever in Warsaw (now playing: *Love Story*, *The Odd Couple* and *Vanishing Point*), even if they are faring less well with the critics.

The East-bloc leaders' fearful approach to détente reflects the desperate gamble they are taking. After all, Moscow and its Warsaw Pact partners decided on a limited accommodation with the West because they hungered for access, through trade, to Western capital and technology, which they hoped would rescue their economies in time to prevent serious social upheavals at home. The East-bloc undertook this accommodation with full knowledge of the risk it faced in what West German Chancellor Willy Brandt calls *Wandel*

THE WORLD

Durch Annäherung—change through coming close. Actually, change is precisely what they hope to hold off. Moscow's chief aim at Helsinki is to legitimize the status quo in Eastern Europe. But now that they are dealing with the West, the Soviet-bloc regimes can no longer plausibly justify themselves by pointing to a threat posed by Western arms. Instead they plan to create an atmosphere of ideological siege.

Truce. Does it matter if, in Eastern Europe, *détente* stops at home? East-West relations could continue to expand on a government-to-government level, whatever the internal conditions in the East bloc. But without a flow of ideas and increased travel, especially from East to West, the vaunted era of *détente* will be merely an armed truce rather than a period of genuinely relaxed tensions. For those caught inside the East-bloc borders, it will also be a period of repression and pretense. TIME's Stroh Talbott talked to one East-bloc professor and author, who shrugged: "We have to chant Marxist-Leninist slogans because otherwise our leaders would get worried that the system that gives them their power is in danger. And if they begin to worry seriously that *détente* means an end to their own power, they'll never go ahead with all the treaties and agreements [with the West]."

What should Western policy be? In conversations with TIME correspondents, East European liberal intellectuals unanimously urged Washington not to overreact to the Communists' new ideological offensive, for that might only serve to prolong it. At the same time, they argued that the West should use every bit of its considerable bargaining power in Helsinki to force a genuine liberalization along Europe's old cold war frontiers. "Why don't Brandt and Nixon take a little more time when they play poker with Brezhnev?" a young East-bloc scientist asked Talbott. "Why don't they do a bit more bluffing, raise the stakes, play their stronger cards? After all, remember we [the East] need more from you than you need from us." The West may indeed have to gamble if Richard Nixon's era of negotiations is to add up in the end to something more than increased trade and an armed truce. But the West could also overplay its cards, endangering the larger stakes in the changing East-West relationship.

SOVIET UNION

Dumping a Dissident

"The right to leave and return to his country is a fundamental right of man," declared Soviet Physicist Valery Chalidze on his arrival in the U.S. last month. In a highly unusual and seemingly liberal action, the Soviets had allowed Chalidze, an eloquent spokesman for the Russian civil rights movement, to travel to the U.S. for a month-

long lecture tour (TIME, Dec. 18). But early one morning last week, a consular official from the Soviet embassy in Washington, Yuri Galishnikov, called on Chalidze at his Manhattan hotel and amiably asked him to identify himself. When Chalidze handed over his passport, Galishnikov deftly passed it to an aide, who pocketed it. Chalidze was then told that he had been stripped of his citizenship by order of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet two days earlier, and was now forbidden to return home.

Galishnikov claimed that Chalidze had been guilty of "acts discrediting a Soviet citizen" while in America. A spokesman from the Soviet Mission at the United Nations offered the explanation that "Chalidze is not a Soviet citizen in his soul." Chalidze pointed out that the substance of his lectures at U.S. colleges had been precisely the same as his earlier statements in Russia, when he appealed for amnesty for Soviet political prisoners and free emigration.

Chalidze, who was recently threatened with arrest in Russia for such statements, is now both bemused and bewildered. "Why didn't they simply imprison me at home instead of waiting to take away my citizenship while I am abroad?" he asked. He intends to appeal the decision. If he fails, the highly trained scientist expects to stay in the U.S. with his wife Vera—and to ask the Kremlin for a bill for his higher education in a gesture of solidarity with Soviet Jews, who are often required to pay exorbitant "education taxes" when allowed to emigrate (TIME, Sept. 25).

Some Western observers speculate that the Soviets preferred to let Chalidze out of Russia in order to dump an embarrassing dissident. The next step, Sovietologists believe, will be a Soviet press campaign calculated to discredit him with followers in Russia by claiming that he acted disloyally in the U.S.

CHALIDZE & WIFE IN NEW YORK



TANAKA PAINTING EYE OF DARUMA DOLL

JAPAN

Sobering Victory

The modern headquarters of Japan's ruling Liberal Democratic Party was unusually subdued for a victory celebration. The banzais were perfunctory and beer toasts stood untouched. Even the usually ebullient party leader, Premier Kakuei Tanaka, looked less than exuberant as he painted in the missing eye on a huge *durumu* doll, a traditional rite signifying victory or success.

The reason for the gloom was a disappointing showing in last week's national elections for the lower house in the Diet. Even though the party was returned to power with an absolute majority, it dropped 17 seats in the 491-seat house. The loss was only partly recouped when eleven successful independents joined the Liberal Democrats after the election, giving them a final total of 282 seats.

The opposition Socialist and Communist parties meanwhile celebrated striking gains. Socialist Party Chairman Tomomi Narita announced that a new wave in Japanese politics had finally arrived. At Communist Party headquarters, thunderous banzais echoed from the hall.

Both parties had plenty of reason to celebrate. The Socialists, who had lost more than a third of their seats in the 1969 election, made a strong recovery, winning 118 seats. The Communists amazed even themselves by increasing their strength from 14 to 38 seats, giving them genuine opposition strength for the first time.

The strong leftist showing—though not serious enough to dent the personal popularity of Tanaka, 54, who took of-

*The *durumu* doll is regarded as a good luck charm because it is made with a weighted, round-bottom and thus always returns to an upright position. Traditionally the doll is purchased without eyes. At the beginning of a new venture, the owner paints in one eye. When he is successful, the doll is given its other eye.

THE WORLD

fice five months ago and drew enthusiastic crowds during the campaign—means that the new Premier will face much tougher opposition in the Diet, which is scheduled to convene this week. The fact that the Communists will now be represented on the crucial steering committee will make it harder for the government to adhere to its legislative calendar. The Communists intend to probe more deeply into scandals linking the Premier to alleged real estate deals. In Tanaka's own party, his rival for the leadership, former Foreign Minister Takeo Fukuda, 67, emerged with the largest single faction and undiminished ambition to take over, should the Premier make a misstep.

The net effect was to put a brake on the entrenched power of the conservatives, who have ruled Japanese politics for 24 years. That was exactly what many voters intended. As Yasuo Onomichi, 27, a Tokyo office worker, put it: "I voted for the Communists although I don't like them. The L.D.P. is too strong. It must be checked." One issue on which the electorate seemed resigned was the widespread practice of illegal spending on entertaining voters and sometimes making outright cash purchases of votes. In pre-election campaigning, one candidate, for instance, reportedly spent \$20,000 to entertain an entire village of 1,500 for one night at a hot-springs resort.

The real lesson for the Liberal Democrats could be read in their slipping vote in the rural areas, where they draw a major part of their strength. Tanaka's pet plan of *retto kaizoron* (literally, rebuilding the archipelago) calls for the dispersal of industry away from the congested Pacific coastal belt. But rural voters, already concerned about a massive land grab by industrialists, heeded the opposition cry that the plan would merely spread pollution across the entire country. They gave a significantly higher number of votes to the left—an obvious warning for Tanaka to move cautiously on the plan.

THE NATIONS

Who's Free

Freedom House, a nonpartisan political-education organization based in Manhattan, last week issued a year-end summary of the political state of the world's 3.3 billion people. As measured by the health of their courts, press and other institutions, 1,029,910,000 people are "free" (in the Western states, India and Japan, among others), while another 720,630,000 are "partly free" (among them: the South Vietnamese). But fully 1,583,551,000 people—nearly one-half the world's population—"suffer severe political and civil deprivations." The year's big loser was Africa, which showed "an almost irreversible trend toward more military and one-party states."

SOUTH VIET NAM

Thieu's Political Prisoners of War

JUST after the 11 p.m. curfew, a convoy of green and white police vans slid into a small alley off Phu Dien Street in Saigon's Second District. Policemen toting M-16 rifles and wooden clubs jumped out and sealed off the alley at either end. Pushing brusquely into each apartment, they demanded identity cards. Suspected Viet Cong sympathizers, draft dodgers or army deserters were hustled off to a van.

Every night in Saigon, some 200 to 300 people are arrested in similar police sweeps, and others are grabbed without warning on the street during the day. Since last spring's North Vietnamese offensive and especially after the beginning of peace talks, there has been

Thieu's purge of suspected enemies has been so massive that even the government may not know how many prisoners it has—or how many of them can be rightly classified as political. Besides 58,000 prisoners of war (including 11,200 North Vietnamese), 80,000 South Vietnamese political prisoners are in jail, according to South Vietnamese sources. U.S. observers estimate that there are perhaps 90,000 people in prison all together, including not only political prisoners but also P.O.W.s and common criminals.

They have no recourse to justice. Under martial law, clamped on the country in May, anyone who is considered a threat to national security—a vague charge, to be sure—can be held in "preventive detention" indefinitely without trial. Even prisoners who have finished their sentences can still be held if they are considered dangerous to security. Opposition Leader Truong Dinh Dzu, who ran against Thieu in 1967 as a peace candidate and was subsequently jailed for advocating a coalition government, was due to be released in May. He is still behind bars, although his quarters are comfortable and his family is allowed to visit him.

According to Ho Ngoc Nhan, an opposition member of South Viet Nam's lower house, many of the prisoners "have never committed a political act in their lives. Political activities have been excuses used against the poor who haven't the money to protect themselves from police corruption." There is even a kind of fixed scale of bribes. A suspect against whom nothing definite has been found may be able to buy his release for \$3 or \$4. More prosperous businessmen are held up for more; if gold or large amounts of currency are found in their possession when they are arrested, for instance, the rate can soar to several hundred dollars. Prisoners seriously suspected of Communist or antigovernment activity sometimes are able to buy their way out and sometimes not. Many of them are tortured for confessions, which in South Viet Nam are admissible in court no matter how obtained.

Horror stories of torture by security agents abound, and most Saigonese accept them as true. One woman recently released from central police headquarters reported that her interrogators shoved a rubber stick up her vagina. She also claimed that police had tor-



SAIGON COP CHECKING IDENTIFICATION PAPERS
Horror stories about a troublesome issue.

an alarming upswing in arrests. Offenses are as diverse as suspected Communist leanings, or having a relative in the North, or being neutral—which violates an admonition of President Nguyen Van Thieu: "No neutrality in the Communist way."

The fate of Saigon's political prisoners is one of the most troublesome issues bedeviling the prospects of peace. Hanoi claims that the nine-point agreement worked out by Henry Kissinger and Le Duc Tho provides that "all captured and detained personnel will be returned simultaneously with the U.S. troop withdrawal." But to release the prisoners would present a delicate problem to President Thieu. Most of them are resentful enough to support any leftist opposition and work to bring his government down.

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CORPORATION
NEW YORK, NEW YORK
100% RYE WHISKEY



“Peace”



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health



How good
it is



For a free 9 1/4" x 15" color print of our "Peace" scene suitable for framing, send your name and address (including zip code) and \$2.25 to cover mailing and handling to "Peace", Box 9829, St. Paul, Minn. 55198.

T-1972 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
21 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '72.

"The secret to a great Holiday party?
Lots of mistletoe.
And lots of the perfect martini gin,
Seagram's Extra Dry."



Seagram's Extra Dry. The Perfect Martini Gin.
In a handsome gift carton, at no extra cost.

tured other women with electric shocks. Another woman, who never discovered why she was being held, was crammed for ten months with six others into a pit cage at the most notorious prison on Con Son island. "It smelled so foul at times that we wanted to die," she said. "When we asked for water, they dropped lime on us. It burned our skin and eventually blinded me." Prisoners who cannot buy their food from guards subsist on the prison diet of rice, salt and occasional dried fish.

"The distinction between revolutionaries and others disappears in prison," says a 26-year-old social worker who was jailed for two months on the excuse that his identification card was mutilated. The prisoners' common enmity toward Thieu is bound to complicate negotiations over their release. It is unlikely that the political prisoners will be granted their freedom until Thieu is forced to act by international agreement. But by throwing more people into jail, meanwhile, the government is enlarging the ranks of the anti-Thieu activists.

INDIA

"Everybody Is Hungry"

The whims of weather have always bedeviled India's food production. This year the drought that appears every five years with devastating regularity has struck again, sweeping across India from the Bay of Bengal to the Arabian Sea and north to the foothills of the Himalayas. Across the vast Deccan Plateau, where 50 million people live, crops are stunted, cattle emaciated, and people weak and exhausted from hunger. Thanks to astute stock piling by the government—and to the Green Revolution that has helped to double food production in the past decade—India for the first time in centuries has enough food stocks to ward off mass starvation. But having ample food on hand is only half the battle. There is also the mammoth task of distributing supplies to the needy in remote rural villages—a project in which New Delhi has been less successful. The drought, moreover, has brought in its train a host of other problems. Small businesses have been wiped out. Drinking water is so scarce that it has to be hauled in by oil trucks. Thousands of unemployed have thronged into the cities in search of work. Malnutrition is pervasive. To assay some of the effects of the drought, TIME's New Delhi Bureau Chief William Stewart last week visited the hard-hit state of Maharashtra and its capital, Bombay, and filed this report:

From the swank high-rise apartments of Malabar Hill to the new skyscrapers at Nariman Point, Bombay exudes money, power and privilege. But the city's back streets tell another story. They have become home to thou-

sands of people seeking refuge from the searching sun, who have poured into the city looking for work. They sleep on the platforms of railroad stations or in the *jhuggis*—sheet-metal and jute huts—that are home to hundreds of thousands of Bombay's poor. There is little work to be found, and in the past few months, with no money and often no shelter, many have had to beg. Accustomed to providing for themselves, they are humiliated and bitter that the government has not done anything to alleviate their plight. Since most of them have no money, they cannot even take advantage of the "fair price shops"—so called because they sell below the regular market price—set up by New Delhi to distribute food stocks.

One of the refugees is Narayan Mahadev Thanage, 30, who lives with his wife and daughter in one of the *jhuggis* adjacent to the new Bombay slaughterhouse. He was forced to leave his five-acre farm in Ahmednagar District 125 miles from Bombay, one of the areas worst affected by the drought. In a good year, he cleared 3,000 rupees (\$410) over and above the cost of supporting his family. "In my village there aren't enough people left to make a good funeral," he says. "Maybe there are 100, and they are mostly old. The schools

ter around small fires. At nightfall, children and adults alike spread blankets out on the platform to sleep. Chango Sampat Lokhande, a farm laborer, tells a familiar story: "The fields in my village had no water. I had to leave. How do I get food? Some of us beg. Some stay in front of grain shops and wait for the grain to spill. Then they scoop it up and hurry back here."

Red Earth. By and large, Bombay residents have been quick to help the refugees. Several trade unions in the city recently set up a refugee camp in a middle-class neighborhood to house 2,000 people in dozens of newly built jute lean-tos. A nearby market donates 440 lbs. of vegetables daily and the Salvation Army provides milk. Private companies are giving coal and firewood. "The basic problem is malnutrition," says Dr. K.R. Toraskar, one of three physicians who provide medical services at the camp without charge. "There is no starvation in Bombay, but I don't know about the districts. The cattle certainly are starving."

Out in the countryside, where the parched red earth tells the story, the government has provided aid. Special cattle farms are being opened, drinking water is being hauled in, and fodder is being brought in from neighboring states. Even so, 25% of the domestic animals are not expected to survive until spring. Workers given jobs on relief projects have been putting in long stretches with inadequate food. The prospects are that things will get worse before they get better. "The real problem will come in February or March with the hot sun and high temperatures," says S.O. Raje, a district official in Poona. Adds G.B. Joshi, 50, a government clerk: "This is the worst I have ever seen in my lifetime."

REFUGEES AT CAMP IN BOMBAY



and factories are closed. There are relief projects, but in some areas they have stopped because there isn't even enough drinking water. You might get work once every 15 days," Thanage gave his four bullocks, two buffaloes, two cows and a few goats to the Belapur sugar factory, which feeds them crushed sugar cane as fodder, and came to Bombay. "Everybody here is hungry," he adds. "Any man with self-respect would not beg, but if it's a question of filling your stomach and there is no work, what is a man to do?"

At the Ghobvandi railroad station, a quarter-mile away, other refugees clus-

AUSTRALIA

The Whitlam Whirlwind

Australia's first Labor Prime Minister in 23 years, Edward Gough Whitlam, 56, last week was off to the most amazing, assertive start of any leader in his country's history. True to a party promise of new initiatives that would rival those of President Franklin Roosevelt's famous 100 days, Whitlam bounded into action on an extraordinary range of issues from conscription to contraceptives—and left his countrymen who had yawned through much of the election campaign, suddenly agape.

Moving as fast as a bush fire in the Outback, Whitlam had himself sworn into office along with Deputy Leader Lance Barnard several days sooner than is customary in an Australian change of government, and quickly demonstrated a faculty for imaginative agility. Unable to install a full Cabinet until after his party caucuses this week, the new Prime Minister assumed temporary custody of 13 portfolios (including foreign affairs, which he will keep) and gave Barnard the remaining 14. As perhaps the smallest Cabinet ever in a democracy, the two men promptly engineered a series of sudden shifts in Australian policies, both foreign and domestic.

Even before being sworn in, Whitlam had recalled the Australian Ambassador to Taipei and instructed Canberra's Ambassador to France to start talks with the Chinese in Paris aimed at establishing diplomatic relations with Peking. Now the Australian Ambassador to the United Nations was directed to back moves for a neutralized zone in the Indian Ocean. He was also told to reverse field and support Third World resolutions against white-supremacist Rhodesia. A Rhodesian information of-

fice in Sydney was ordered shut down. South Africa was told that sporting teams selected along racial lines would not be allowed into Australia, not even as transients en route to other countries. At a press conference, Whitlam said that he favored "a more independent Australian stance in international affairs, an Australia which will be less militarily oriented and not open to suggestions of racism."

Military conscription was stopped, and seven young men who had been imprisoned for resisting the draft were released. The 12,000 Aussie conscript troops were given the option of resigning or completing their 18-month terms with additional benefits; volunteer members of the armed forces were offered re-enlistment bonuses of \$1,000. The 140 Australian servicemen still in Viet Nam, remnants of a force that had numbered almost 8,000 in 1968, were ordered home by Christmas.

Whitlam's major move on the home front was to pledge vastly increased federal aid to education, transportation and health facilities. He ordered a new appraisal of the impact of foreign investment in Australia and froze all leasing of land claimed by aborigines. On a somewhat smaller scale, he abolished a 25¢-per-gallon excise tax on wine and, in a flash attack on prim Australian censorship, lifted a ban on the movie *Pornoy's Complaint*. He also ended a 27% sales tax on contraceptive pills and made them available through the National Health Scheme at minimal cost. And he persuaded the Commonwealth Conciliation and Arbitration Commission, which sets national wage standards, to approve the principle of equal pay for women. He stopped short of endorsing two views expressed by his wife Margaret: that abortions should be legalized and that there is nothing wrong in childless couples living together.

er out of wedlock. Still, Women's Libber Germaine Greer, home from Britain for a holiday, was sufficiently moved to comment: "I might return to live in Australia now that it is under a Labor government."

In one of several actions taken or planned to reduce traditional British ties with Australia, Whitlam scrapped the practice of Aussies receiving knighthoods or other courtly titles in the so-called Queen's Honors lists. (In fact, the lists are prepared by the politicians in power and are generally handed out to faithful friends and followers.) Whitlam, already committed to replacing *God Save the Queen* with a distinctively Australian national anthem, also announced the cessation of official royal visits in favor of unofficial visits. Last week his newly appointed envoy to Britain, former Politician John Armstrong, predicted that Australia would eventually become a republic.

It may be that some Australians had simply not yet caught their breath sufficiently to voice protests against the Whitlam whirlwind of change. But generally, the nation last week seemed to be going along with Gough Columnist Geoffrey Hutton observed in the conservative *Melbourne Age* that in the stream of decisions issuing from Canberra, "Australia's image has changed more swiftly than it has since the war." The minor swing of votes that put Whitlam in power, he wrote, had shaken Australians "out of the ingrained attitudes of a generation and turned us from spaniels into fox terriers."

BRITAIN

Profile of a People

He bathes more and keeps warmer, works shorter hours, earns more and strikes more. He gets longer vacations, travels less, spends less on food, clothing and tobacco, more on housing and cars—and, if he lives in London, he sees nearly twice as much winter sunshine as he did 20 years ago. Such is the Britain of today, according to a 220-page compendium of statistics published this month by the British government under the dry title *Social Trends*.

The first attempt by any government to give order and sense to the plethora of facts and figures that flow from various departments, *Social Trends* is an invaluable anatomy of British life. It is assembled by a team of only five statisticians, who cut freely across bureaucratic channels searching for equations to illuminate national habits on money, health, leisure, children, schools and sex. This month's tome is the third annual edition and, according to Lord Lionel Robbins, chairman of the Court of Governors of the London School of Economics, it is "the best report on the evolution of our society that has ever been established."

Dispassionately, it presents good



PRIME MINISTER GOUGH WHITLAM (RIGHT) & DEPUTY LEADER LANCE BARNARD
Moving as fast as a bushfire in the Outback.

trends and bad trends. Many material benefits are improving. Nearly 80% of British households are now equipped with either a fixed bath or shower (65% more than in Germany, the next best-scrubbed European country) and 34% even have central heating (which may surprise visitors who have shivered through British winters).

Pollution from smoke emission and sulphur dioxide is in decline. There are far fewer polluted rivers than there were in 1958. Infectious diseases have all dropped sharply in the past ten years, and the suicide rate sank in 1970 to the lowest point in 25 years. On the average Britons are now living ten years longer than they did 30 years ago.

But they may be enjoying it less. Britons are leaving their country in record numbers: some 30,000 a year have departed during the past decade. Why? One reason seems to be discontent with jobs. Work stoppages have soared by 466% since 1966; in the 15 years prior to that, they rose by only 41%. The unemployment rate of 822,755 is the highest in Europe, up by 75% in the past ten years. Yet, with the job market so discouraging, only 20% of British children remain in school after the age of 16, compared with 76% in the U.S.

Britain continues to have a much better criminal record than the U.S. Last year there were only 177 murders in all of England and Wales (pop. 48.6 million), compared with 1,581 in New York City (pop. 7.8 million). Yet the British crime rate is rising; it is up 60% over the past decade. Courts are even busier with divorces, which catapulted to 77,000 last year from 27,000 in 1961.

Some statistics on pregnancy are baffling. The abortion rate has jumped 264% in two years, but illegitimate births are still rising, up 44% in ten years. At the same time, slightly more than half of all British women are pregnant when they are married—which is the same percentage as 20 years ago.

ITALY

The Worst Airport

"This airport is like the Inferno. One manages to get into it, one is badly off inside, and one doesn't know how to get out." So a Belgian priest complained to the management of Rome's Leonardo da Vinci Intercontinental Airport, less grandly known as Fiumicino (Little River) Infernal it is. On an average day the 22,000 passengers who land, take off or transit at Fiumicino on 62 different commercial carriers participate in a drama worthy of Dante.

As Cesare Romiti, the director of Alitalia, put it: "Fiumicino is the worst airport in the world." At least 50% of the planes are late, some for as long as three hours. The reason: the airport has only two runways to accommodate 400 to 500 aircraft a day in peak seasons, and since the runways are built at right



AIRLINE CLERK AT FUMICINO AIRPORT
On top of everything else, the roof leaks.

angles, they cannot be used simultaneously. Incoming passengers have to wait at least an hour for their luggage. As the baggage is plucked piece by piece from aircraft holds, baggage handlers—when not on strike—toss it on two long counters where travelers from all arriving flights have to pick it up.

The litany of Fiumicino's ills encompasses just about everything that can happen to a traveler. Flight information is virtually impossible to obtain: harassed clerks have little or no data on arrivals, departures and connecting flights. TV screens showing departure gates are often out of order. Signs are scarce, and the loudspeaker system is unintelligible.

There is no rest for the flight weary. Coffee bars sell no sandwiches; even coffee, in espresso-land, is difficult to obtain. Toilets often bear signs reading UNDER REPAIR OR CLOSED FROM 11 A.M. TO 4 P.M. Besides all that, the roof leaks.

More seriously, Fiumicino can be perilous. According to Aviation Writer Francesco Perego, "Our radar and radio assistance are the least efficient in Europe." Fiumicino has to make do with only two radar installations, and operations experts say that more are needed. The harried air-traffic controllers are all members of the military, and each has to direct 15 to 20 planes at a time, compared with two or three for their counterparts in London and eight to ten in Paris. The wonder is that the airport has only about 40 near collisions annually and has had no major air accidents this year.

The basic problem is that responsibility is divided among numerous government bureaucracies, each of which can hold up changes for years. Italy hopes to invest \$580 million in improvements, including a third runway to be completed next February. If all these are accomplished by 1974, the airport



PASSENGERS & LUGGAGE

will theoretically be able to handle the 9,000,000 passengers who struggle their way through Fiumicino now, but by that time traffic is expected to reach 12 million a year.

ISRAEL

The Sabra Spies

There had never been a case quite like it, and Israelis were understandably aghast. In a continuing police dragnet, 46 persons were arrested and interrogated; they faced charges of either spying for Syria's Deuxieme Bureau (G-2) or knowing about the spy ring and not reporting it. The majority were Arabs, but four of those arrested were Jews. Most shocking of all, the leader of the ring and another prominent member were not only Jews but Sabras—native-born Israelis.

Except for a penchant for far-left politics, the ring's organizer, Ehud Adi, 26, seemed almost the personification of the national ideal of a young Israeli. Dreamy-eyed and bushy-haired, Adi had been born at Gan Shmuel (Garden of Samuel), a kibbutz near the Mediterranean coast below Haifa. A paratroop sergeant in the Six-Day War, he had rescued wounded soldiers under fire during the battle for East Jerusalem.

Adi, however, had grown up in a kibbutz composed of dedicated socialists, and for some reason had plunged deeper and deeper into radical politics. First, Adi became a member of the Israel Socialist Union, generally called Matzpen (Compass) after its publication. The group is revolutionary socialist and condemns Jewish colonialists for seizing all of Palestine from the Arabs. Two years ago, Adi formed the Revolutionary Communist Alliance-Red Front, which has world revolution as its



ACCUSED SPY RING LEADER EHUD ADIV
Deeper and deeper.

ill-defined goal, and enrolled a dozen members. Among them were Dan Vered, 28, a fellow Sabra and a high school math teacher in the small town of Kfar Saba east of Tel Aviv; David Kupfer, 26, a sometime petty thief and burglar as well as a dedicated Communist; and Yeheskel Cohen, 30, an Iraqi-born hotel clerk who speaks six languages.

Last week all four faced life sentences for espionage. Under questioning, Adiv and Vered admitted visiting Damascus, flying there by way of Athens and Cairo on Israeli passports and special papers provided by an Arab contact. Adiv, according to police, told his Syrian hosts as much as he knew about Israeli military bases and weapons and about anti-fedayeen protective devices installed along the borders. He was taken to watch Palestinian guerrilla training and he instructed in sabotage himself. "I taught them much more than they could teach me," he told interrogators haughtily.

Adiv returned home with instructions to pass on further information on Israeli military operations. But Israel's intelligence agency—commonly called Shin Bet from its Hebrew initials—has infiltrated radical groups. And when Shin Bet learned that Adiv's organization was planning a move of some sort, it smashed the ring.

Announcement of the arrests created a furor in Israel. Angry neighbors scrawled "Spy" on Vered's front door and threatened to burn down Kupfer's house. Conservative Knesset Member Shmuel Tamir turned the incident against members of the coalition government who have been urging that Israel return some of the occupied territories in exchange for peace with the Arabs. Said Tamir: "Israeli youth hears daily from persons in high office that Jewish settlement of occupied territories is oppressive colonialism. Such preaching finally pushed young people into opposing the 'oppressors.' Left-wing spokesmen retorted that Israeli

youth had become disenchanted with a hard-line policy that leaves the Middle East suspended indefinitely between all-out war and real peace.

Israel has long had a radical movement, if a tiny one, probably no more than a thousand people, at the present time. The biggest group, SHIAH (Hebrew acronym for New Israeli Left), is in favor of both Arab and Jewish states in what once was Palestine and is now Israel and the occupied territories. Matzpen, which has never had more than a hundred members, also believes in restoring Arab rights to at least part of Palestine. The spy arrests dramatized the existence of an element on the left that is opposed to the very existence of Israel. Editor Uri Avneri, who sits in the Knesset as leader of the radical reformist New Force Party, worries that more young Israelis might be drawn to this extreme view. "We are entering a dangerous period," he says, "partly because we have a Prime Minister who does not even recognize that there is a problem. She has lost all contact with young people."

Avneri's cut was unfair as well as unkind. The problem is larger than one aging (74) grandmother's inability to identify with youth. Without even realizing the fact, Israel in the course of 25 years has evolved from a pioneer state into an established society, and like establishments everywhere, it is subject to increasingly bold attacks by the disconnected and the disenchanted.

ARGENTINA

Perón Says No

"In view of the situation reigning in the country, I feel obliged to decline the offer of the front." With that terse statement, Juan Domingo Perón last week renounced the presidential candidacy offered him by the Justicialist Liberation Front, a coalition of his supporters. Minutes later he boarded a plane for Paraguay, the country that had given him political asylum following his ouster in a coup 17 years ago.

It was an anticlimactic end to what

Perón had hoped would be a return to power after twelve years of exile in Madrid. He had entered Argentina 28 days earlier like a returning folk hero. He excited like a rejected ward healer, frustrated by the refusal of Argentina's current strongman, Alejandro Lanusse, to rescind an edict requiring presidential candidates to have been in Argentina on Aug. 25 (Lanusse announced last week that he will not be a candidate either). Perón had also been hurt by defections within his own Justicialist Front. Four parties dropped out amidst arguments about sharing the lesser candidacies. With the others gone, the front could expect to win only about 40% of the vote in March.

Perón's leavetaking was a shabby affair. The streets around his suburban Buenos Aires home were virtually deserted as his motorcade of 20 cars pulled out for Ezeiza Airport. Instead of the tens of thousands who were turned back by troops ringing the airport when *el líder* returned to Argentina less than 200 were on hand for his departure.

Perón sat huddled in the back seat of his car with his wife Isabelita while a document announcing his non-candidacy was distributed. When he was ready to leave, there was no sleek, chartered Alitalia jetliner like the one that had brought him to Argentina. This time he was a common commercial passenger on a seedy Electra C of Lineas Aereas Paraguayas.

Though Perón had left Argentina—to visit Paraguay, Peru and Spain, according to an aide—confusion remained behind. More important, Perón had endorsed no candidate for President, and left his Justicialist Party bickering over the choice. The Front initially refused to accept Perón's decision to decline the candidacy and promised to launch a legal appeal against to place his name on the March ticket. At week's end, though, the Front suddenly reversed field and picked a top Peronista henchman, a sometime dentist named Héctor Cámpora, 63, as its candidate. Technically, Cámpora also is ineligible for the presidency under the rules of the Lanusse edict, since he spent several days in Madrid during the fall visiting Perón.

JUAN PERÓN & HIS WIFE ISABELITA EN ROUTE TO BUENOS AIRES' EZEIZA AIRPORT





1973 Mercury Cougar XR-7. It's not like anybody else's car.



Pound for pound, dollar for dollar, this cat is the best equipped luxury sports car in captivity.

Standard equipment: 351 C.I.D. V-8, automatic floor shift, buckets with real leather seating surfaces, power front disc brakes, tachometer, trip odometer, sequential turn signals, vinyl roof. Other equipment shown is optional—including Cougar's electric Moon Roof.

Some cars are luxurious. Others sporty. But no car gives you more of both than the 1973 Cougar XR-7.

Built better to give you more.

MERCURY COUGAR

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION



Gen. U. S. Importers: Van Munching & Co., Inc., N.Y., N.Y.



Heineken tastes tremendous

IMPORTED HEINEKEN. IN BOTTLES, ON DRAFT AND DARK BEER.

PEOPLE

Male chauvinism may be too strong a term, but the word from **Pope Paul VI** hardly endorsed Women's Liberation. Reaffirming the Roman Catholic Church's opposition to abortions ("abominable crimes"), the Pope took a cold look at "feminine emancipation" and "so-called sexual liberty." True emancipation does not lie in "materialistic equality," he said, but in "recognition of that which is essential and specific in the feminine personality—the vocation of the woman to be a mother."

Someone had this great idea for Holland America Cruises: for \$1,400 per person, the 650-bed *S.S. Statendam* would steam from New York to Florida for the Apollo 17 launching, then sail through the Caribbean while a band of intellectuals discussed what it all meant. Some never showed up; specifically **Arthur C. Clarke**, co-author of *2001: A Space Odyssey*, and Rocket Titan **Wernher von Braun**. But Novelist **Katherine Anne Porter** (*Ship of Fools*) was on hand to describe the launching as "rather glorious." So was **Norman Mailer**, who argued that the space shots should have included experiments in magic and telepathy. The problem: only about 40 people bought the premium tickets; the remainder were various "guests," including travel agents, some Philadelphia clothing-store executives and 15 fashion editors. Estimated loss on the great idea: \$250,000.

Ali MacGraw is a movie star, and a movie star ought to have her hands and feet stuck into concrete. So decided

Grauman's Chinese Theater in Hollywood, picking Ali as the 158th celebrity to get the concrete treatment outside its doorway (the last person so honored was Gene Kelly in 1969). To her dismay, Ali found the site crowded not only with fans but with demonstrators, who greeted the heroine of *Love Story* with rude placards. Urged one: LET US GIVE CREDIT WHERE CREDIT IS DUE ALI MACGRAW, WHO ARE YOU? Ali knelt anyway, pressed her extremities into the mush, also inscribed, "Peace & Love, Ali MacGraw," and then departed, her place in movie history secure.

Was it true that **Manuel ("El Cordonbés") Benítez**, the recently retired bull-fight star, had promised to marry his girl friend if she bore him a son? Not exactly. It was undeniable that pretty, young Martine Rayasse last month did

PHOTOGRAPH BY EVERETT COLLECTION



EL CORDOBÉS & SON

bear him a son, Manuel II (they also have a four-year-old daughter). At the baptism, the 36-year-old ex-matador said that the birth of his son "has persuaded me that I must marry." As to the date, however, he was skittish. "If one morning when I get up," he said, "I have mischievous ideas and she feels the same, we will go to the church."

Somebody at a Manhattan cocktail party had the audacity to ask whether **Martha Graham**, now 78 and no longer dancing, had any plans to retire. "Retire!" she exclaimed. "What would I do? We must all go on, and I am going on." That settled. Miss Graham, a frail figure in black and turquoise pajamas, said nice things about Israel's Batsheva Dance Company, which has been performing some of her works on its current American tour—"beautifully." Then back to her own plans: "I'm pulling back my dancers from all over the



MARTHA GRAHAM PERFORMING (1966)

world so we can get the company together again for a season in early spring. I'm going through rebirth!"

"I could hardly credit what I heard," wrote Supreme Court Chief Justice **Warren E. Burger** after a mere railway conductor decided against him. Somewhere between Manhattan and Washington, D.C., Burger had complained to the conductor that the first-class club car on the high-speed Metroliner was being "polluted by three cigar smokers." The conductor replied that Burger and his wife could move to the coach nonsmoker. "This turns common sense and common decency on its head," argued the Chief Justice in his appeal to Transportation Secretary **John Volpe** (newly named Ambassador to Italy). Result: a decision in Burger's favor, and no more cigars (cigarettes are still permitted) in the Metroliner's first-class cars.

When the leading lady suddenly falls ill, the kindly old character actor always turns to Ruby Keeler or whoever and says: "You're going out there as a nobody, but you'll come back as a star!" In Toronto when **Debbie Reynolds** got a strep throat and couldn't sing in the Broadway-bound musical *Irene*, the producers turned to understudy Jamie Sell—and Jamie said no thanks. She had been studying her own part, and she hadn't yet learned Debbie's. So the voiceless Debbie went on, dancing and pantomiming while Director **Sir John Gielgud** introduced each scene by giving a synopsis. The audience was not amused. No sooner had the stratagem been announced than one spectator shouted, "Outrage!" and some 300 (out of 1,500) patrons began filtering out into the night. The day after, Debbie muttered "Next time, I'll stay in bed."



ALI MACGRAW AT GRAUMAN'S

Apollo 17: A Grand Finale

WE leave as we came and, God willing, we shall return with peace and hope for all mankind." As he uttered those hopeful and heartfelt words, Apollo 17's commander, Gene Cernan, stepped from the surface of the moon and clambered up the ladder of lunar module *Challenger*. Cernan's departure may not be remembered as long as Neil Armstrong's historic arrival three years ago. Nonetheless it was a profound and moving moment that was put in perspective by a presidential announcement: "This may be the last time in this century," said Richard Nixon, "that men will walk on the moon."

Next day millions of TV viewers on

across 22.5 miles of the cratered valley. They took more than 2,000 photographs, and turned up what may well be the first positive evidence of relatively recent volcanic activity on the moon. Said Schmitt, the first scientist to walk the moon: "This valley has seen mankind complete his first evolutionary steps in the universe. I think no more significant contribution has Apollo made to history."

Stark. Emerging from *Challenger* after its almost perfect landing only about 300 ft from target near the crater Camelot, Geologist Schmitt made it clear that he regarded the stark, rock-littered valley as his special turf. "A geologist's paradise, if I've ever seen one," said the Harvard-trained scientist as he and Cernan began their preliminary chores familiarizing themselves with the terrain, photographing the area and finally maneuvering the rover out of its berth in the side of the lunar module. Then, after a fast test spin by Cernan ("Hallelujah, Houston, *Challenger's* baby is on the road"), the moon car was positioned so that the remote-controlled color television camera mounted on the front end of the vehicle could begin sending the first pictures back to earth.

Those transmissions were by far the clearest yet sent from the moon. The red, white and blue of the U.S. flag were displayed in brilliant hues on TV screens as the astronauts raised a banner that had hung in Mission Control since the first moon landing of Apollo 11 in July 1969. Expertly operated by technicians at remote control consoles in Houston, the camera picked up the puffs of dust raised by the astronauts as they walked, awkwardly learning to cope with the moon's weak gravity—a sixth that of the earth—and the bulkiness of their space suits. While all the world watched his struggle, Schmitt confessed: "I still haven't learned how to pick up rocks...a very embarrassing thing for a geologist to admit."

Cernan also had reason to be embarrassed. With one swing of his geological hammer, he accidentally clattered the \$13,000,000 moon car, knocking off-part of one of its rear fiberglass fenders, which act as shields against the spray of dust churned up by the rover's wire mesh wheels. Cernan tried to reattach the section of fender with gaffer tape. But because of the ever-present, clinging fine-grained lunar dust, it would not stick. As precious

minutes ticked away, Mission Control suggested that the astronauts abandon the fender repair work and get on with the more important job of setting up the five ALSEP (Apollo Lunar Surface Experiments Package) experiments.

The experiments also posed problems. Cernan worked so hard trying to drill holes for the important heat-flow experiment—which had been inadvertently disconnected on the Apollo 16 mission—that his pulse climbed to 150 beats per minute. NASA doctors, monitoring his heartbeat, ordered him to rest. Coming to Cernan's aid, Schmitt took a dramatic spill as he tried to extract a balky core tube from the ground. All of the experiments were finally set up, but it was learned later that a key instrument—the surface gravimeter—had jammed. It was a bitter disappointment to scientists, who had hoped that the instrument would help determine if gravity waves, originally postulated by Albert Einstein, really exist.

Unaware of that failure, the elated astronauts improvised a duet, singing "While strolling on the moon one day in the merry month of December." Mission Control soon interjected a sobering note by notifying them that they were already 40 minutes behind their timetable and that the original objective of their first moon ride had to be scrubbed. But a nearer crater provided an intriguing find: vesicular rocks, containing pockets formed by gas. That was one of several clues that the area had once been the scene of volcanic activity.

Paper Fender. At the start of their second moon walk, the astronauts headed straight for the damaged rover. Displaying a little old-fashioned Yankee ingenuity, Mission Control had advised them to tape together four lunar maps made of stiff photographic paper and attach the resulting 15- by 20-in. rectangle to the damaged fender with clamps taken from *Challenger's* interior light fixtures. The scheme worked. Indeed, the paper fender was so effective that it shielded the astronauts from dust even when Cernan opened the rover's throttle to more than 7 m.p.h. on the way to South Massif, about four miles away. "Whoaaaa, let's slow the speed up," Schmitt pleaded as the car narrowly missed dipping into one steep little crat-

Astronauts chipping at boulder



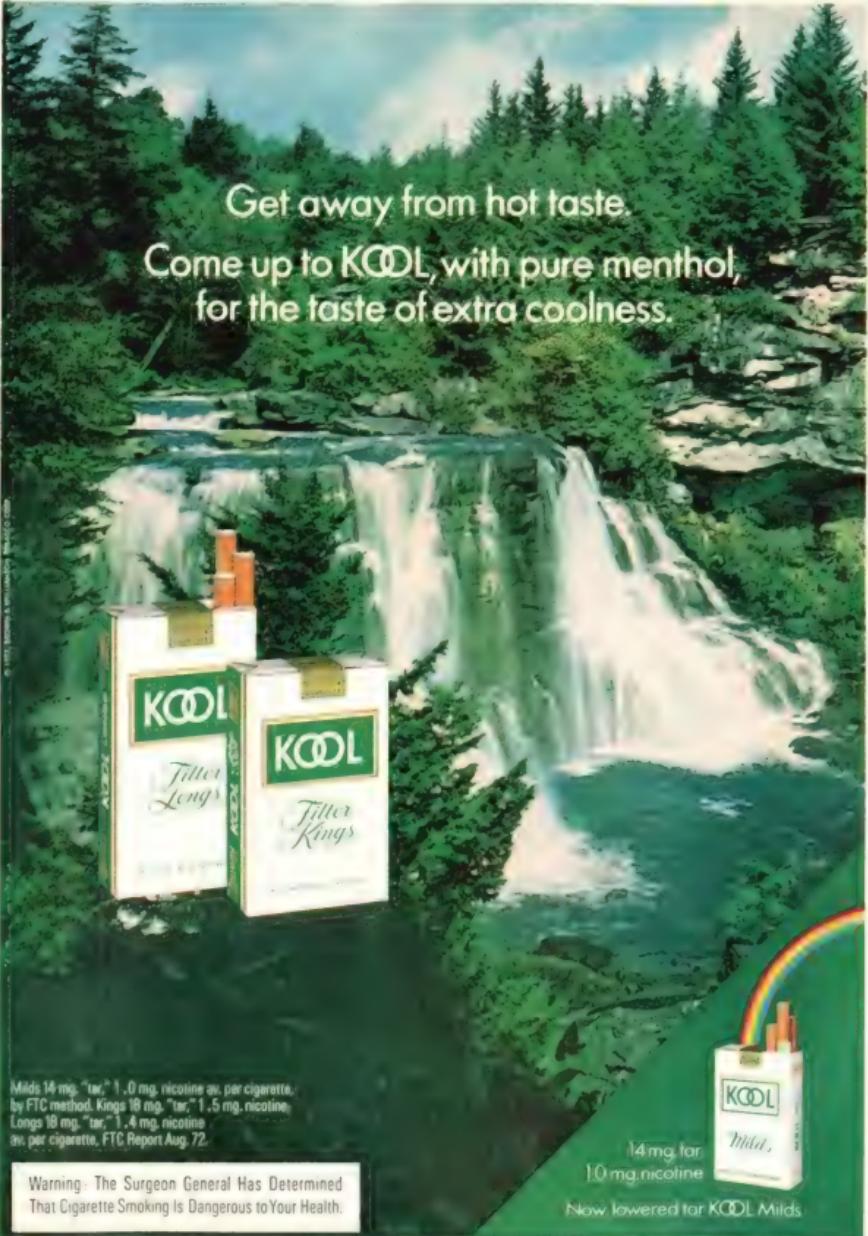
Top left clockwise: Schmitt sampling, tumbling, toting experiments and inspecting boulder.

earth watched as *Challenger*, in a dramatic pyrotechnic display, lifted off from the moon's mountain-rimmed Taurus-Littrow valley. Two hours later, Cernan and Astronaut-Geologist Jack Schmitt reunited with Ron Evans, who was whirling overhead in *America*. Then, after two more days of observing the moon from the orbiting command ship, the astronauts fired themselves out of lunar orbit and began the three-day journey home. By week's end, the final U.S. expedition to the moon was headed for its scheduled splashdown this week in the South Pacific, 400 miles south of Samoa.

In terms of its scientific payoff, the last Apollo mission will probably turn out to be the best. During their record 22 hours outside their moonship, Cernan and Schmitt collected some 250 lbs. of lunar rocks, more than any of the ten moonwalkers before them. They set up the moon's fifth scientific station and drove their battery-powered rover

*Named in tribute to the man who began the moon program President John F. Kennedy who had a special fondness for the musical *Camelot*.





Get away from hot taste.

Come up to KOOl with pure menthol,
for the taste of extra coolness.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1978

Milds 14 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette,
by FTC method. Kings 18 mg. "tar," 1.5 mg. nicotine,
Longs 18 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette. FTC Report Aug. 72.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

14 mg. tar
10 mg. nicotine
Now lowered tar KOOl Milds

Benchmark for Christmas. He'll forget he ever liked any other Bourbon.

Give your favorite Bourbon
drinker Benchmark for Christmas.

He'll discover the difference
that Seagram craftsmanship makes
and what he's been missing in the
taste of his present Bourbon.

Odds are, he'll forget he ever
liked any other Bourbon.



Seagram's Benchmark
Premium Bourbon.
"Measure any Bourbon against it."



SPACE

ter. Cernan, however, showed a sure hand at the controls. "You can uncurl your toes now," he told Schmitt as they approached their destination, still intact.

Schmitt seemed none too steady as he began his sampling, tumbling twice and muttering "Dadgummit" as he struggled to rise. But his chagrin turned to excitement near a crater named Shorty (after a character in Richard Brautigan's novel *Trout Fishing in America*). Suddenly, as his space boots scuffed some of the gray topsoil from the crater's rim, he exclaimed: "Hey, there is orange soil. It's all over!" Chugging toward him, Cernan shouted: "Well, don't move until I see it!" The astronauts' enthusiasm on the moon was shared by scientists watching in Mission Control's "back room." Caltech's Gerald Wasserburg jumped up from his fourth-row seat and practically pressed his nose against the TV screen to see the coloring for himself. NASA's Egyptian-born geologist Farouk El Baz, who had helped train the astronauts, beamed proudly. Even the space agency's cautious Australian-born Geochemist Rob. in Brett exulted: "We have witnessed one of the important finds in Apollo geology."

There was good reason for the excitement. The orange hue indicated that the lunar material may have oxidized, or rusted. That, in turn, meant that it had probably been exposed to water or oxygen. The only likely source for such vapors on the arid, airless moon were volcanic vents in the lunar surface. Indeed, some scientists had suspected earlier that Shorty Crater (which resembles volcanic vents on earth) had been created volcanically rather than by the impact of a meteorite (which is how most of the moon's craters are believed to have been formed). As they await the precious samples of orange soil, some scientists are now speculating that Shorty may in fact be no more than 200,000 or 300,000 years old. That would suggest surprisingly recent volcanic activity on the moon, which was believed to have been largely dormant for the past three billion years.

Flashes. Spinning overhead in *America*, Command Module Pilot Evans was making his own scientific observations. He spotted two mysterious flashes of light—one east of Mare Orientalis, the other near the great crater Eratosthenes—that could be hints of present-day volcanic venting. (Earlier, while still in lunar orbit, Schmitt also had seen a surface flash.) With the help of a Soviet photograph, Evans spotted a cluster of volcanic-looking domes on the moon's far side; other volcanic formations were spotted on the front side. Finally, *America's* highly sensitive infrared scanner detected from orbit a number of hot and cold spots on the moon's surface: some of them are as



"Challenger" lifting off.

much as 15 miles across. Exclaimed Geology Tutor El Baz: "I really think we're getting our money's worth out of Ron."

On their third moon ride, Cernan and Schmitt headed toward North Massif, high mountain on the north side of the valley. They poked and hammered at huge boulders that had rolled down from the massif eons ago. Gathering up almost every portable sample in sight, Schmitt said: "I feel like a kid playing in a sandbox." Later, as he began sideslipping in the powdery dust of the massif's slopes, Ski Buff Schmitt pretended that he was slaloming. "Whoosh! Whoosh! Wheee!" he shouted. "Little hard to get good hip rotation." Examining one of the larger boulders, the astronauts spotted "dikelets"—veins of different material that have been injected into the rock after it has already cooled off and solidified. Such a marble-cake effect could reveal to scientists when different geological episodes took place on the moon.

Moving east, the astronauts made a stop near the Sculptured Hills, which they described as resembling "the wrinkled skin of an old, old man." The hills had apparently been thrust up by the same meteoric impact that created the Sea of Serenity, near the edge of the Faurus-Littrow site. The next stop, a crater called Van Serg, proved to be a disappointment. Scientists had hoped that Van Serg, too, might be of volcanic origin. But after 20 minutes of poking and digging at the site, the astronauts failed to find any more orange dirt. On close inspection, in fact, the crater displayed characteristics (blocky rim, central peak, rocks of fused fragments called breccias) that were distinctly nonvolcanic. Commented Geochemist Richard Williams in Houston: "That sounds like a classic description of an impact crater."

In his final moments outside the moonship, Cernan held up what he called "a very significant rock, composed of many fragments of all sizes and shapes and colors." Speaking directly to youngsters of 78 nations who had been invited to Houston for the final moon shot, Cernan said that the rock would be divided among their

countries "as a symbol that we can live in peace and harmony in the future." Then, after moving back to *Challenger*, Cernan unveiled a plaque on the ship's descent stage, which would remain behind on the moon. Evoking the words of a similar plaque left behind by the Apollo 11 astronauts, it read: "May the spirit of peace in which we came be reflected in the lives of all mankind." It carried the engraved signatures of all three astronauts as well as that of President Nixon. But before boarding the moonship for the last time, the astronauts could not resist one more bit of horseplay as Schmitt heaved a geological hammer "a million miles" in the slight lunar gravity.

Too Gentle. Little more than seven minutes after its spectacular ascent from the lunar surface, *Challenger* was in lunar orbit, ready for its rendezvous with *America*. "God, you look pretty," Cernan radioed as *Challenger* approached the mother ship. Evans maneuvered *America* so gingerly in the final phases that the first docking contact was too gentle; the latches of the docking mechanism failed to catch. The two ships came together harder on the second try and were firmly joined. Taking their rocks, films and other paraphernalia with them, Cernan and Schmitt climbed through the connecting tunnel and rejoined Evans: the moonwalkers had so much dust on them that Evans told them jokingly that he would make them sleep in the passageway. Its job done, *Challenger* was sent crashing into the moon, bringing the total cost of equipment left on the moon during the Apollo program—including the still operative scientific observatories—to \$517 million. The craft landed only nine miles from the valley it had just left. Two days later, on *America's* 76th revolution of the moon, the astronauts fired the spacecraft engine to blast themselves out of lunar orbit and start them on their voyage home.

Top left clockwise: Cernan drilling, displaying rock, preparing for moon walk and working at rover.



EDUCATION

Professor Lenny

The seminar called Music 180 was 30 minutes into its dissection of Stravinsky's *Sonata for Two Pianos* when the door flew open and a 5-ft. 8½-in. whirlwind spun into the room, flung a fur coat onto a chair, affectionately pinched the cheeks of Professor Leon Kirchner and subsided into a sitting position on the floor. It was "retired" Superconductor Leonard Bernstein, now 54, making his rounds at Harvard as the new Charles Eliot Norton Professor of Poetry.

In characteristic Bernstein style, Lenny relaxed for only a few moments as a pair of suddenly awe-struck students resumed playing the sonata. Then he jumped to his feet. "No, no," he said. "You play it without feeling. Too much staccato. Please, please, play this more smoothly." Bumping a student as he lunged toward the piano, Bernstein apologized: "I've been to twelve hours of classes today. That can make you a little dizzy."

Then, fingers poised over the keys, came a cry: "My God, I can't play the

*The Norton professorship, a one-year post established in 1925, conceives poetry broadly to include all the arts.

piano any more." That remark was pure melodrama. After listening to Bernstein's brief run-through, the students tried again, and now they brought the piece to life. Satisfied, the visiting professor dropped back to his seat on the floor, extracted a cigarette from a leather case, and listened to a student wind quintet attack Irving Fine's *Partita*. Halfway through the first movement, Bernstein leaped to his feet again. "Tune up!" he cried. "My God, tune up!" While the musicians trembled, he went on: "This piece is whimsical. It's full of surprises. It should be played with energy and bounce." When the quintet failed to pick up, Bernstein raised his arms and led the undergraduates as energetically as if he were still conducting the New York Philharmonic. When the seminar ended, the students were exhausted. Lenny was as fresh as ever.

For Bernstein (class of '39), being a professor has provided pleasant surprises. "When I was at Harvard," he says, "no one was making music. I'm so happy to hear music at Harvard now." He has been hearing music elsewhere in Boston as well. During his six-week visit this fall, he worked with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and his rehearsals

and concerts were videotaped for the lectures he will deliver during another six-week residence next spring.

For all his professed attempts at maintaining a low profile, he has been perhaps the single most visible personage around the Yard—attending classes, helping music professors and spending evenings in long talk sessions with students in his suite at Eliot House. "Warmth isn't the word for what I feel in coming back," he says. "I have a penchant for sentimentality, especially where Harvard is concerned."

Darwin Who?

To the fundamentalists of this world, Charles Darwin's *Origin of Species* is little more than a fashionable theory. The literal truth on the origin appeared in *Genesis*: after filling the seas with great whales and creeping things, God created, in his own image, man. Despite more than a century of scientific backing for Darwin's theory of evolution—despite the victory of Darwinism in the famous Scopes "monkey trial" of 1925—the argument was still going on last week in California.

Since 1969, fundamentalists have been encouraged by Dr. John Ford, a San Diego physician and vice president of the state board of education, who has campaigned for mention of the biblical version of creation in all science textbooks. Evolution, said Ford, "should not be accepted as fact without alluding to creationism, which is felt to be sound by many scientists." That year, the board went along, issuing revised guidelines that urged the inclusion of both "theories." The guidelines were optional, however, and no major publisher adopted them. This year, after Dr. Ford raised the issue again, a state textbook commission suggested a compromise. It did not propose the teaching of "creationism," but it did propose that evolution be taught as theory, not fact. The conservatives object, for example, to phrases like this: "It is known that life began in the seas." The compromise would make a change: "Most scientists believe that life may have begun in the seas."

As the decision time neared, 19 California Nobel prize winners (including Willard F. Libby, Glenn T. Seaborg, Harold C. Urey and Linus Pauling) wrote the board in protest. In the letter, drafted by Arthur Kornberg, professor of biochemistry at Stanford's School of Medicine, the laureates said that the concessions were unacceptable. "Conditional statements are appropriate," the letter continued, "when multiple theories have been proposed and none of these can be eliminated by existing scientific evidence. No alternative to the evolutionary theory gives an equally satisfactory explanation of the biological facts." Kornberg later said: "We don't want to become the laughingstock of the civilized world."

Nonetheless, when the nine-man

THE MANY FACES OF BERNSTEIN TEACHING THE POETRY OF MUSIC AT HARVARD





EVOLUTIONIST DARWIN
"No alternative."

board met last week, it approved the concessions. Although fundamentalists were unable to force through a resolution requiring the teaching of biblical creation, their influence was strong enough to require that all statements on Darwin be sedulously qualified. Further, the board reserved the right to review editorial changes and named an *ad hoc* commission to work with publishers on mandatory textual changes. Regardless of what the Nobel laureates might think, Associate Superintendent of Public Instruction Dr. Clarence Hall said that "California has adopted the best set of science materials available."

Downer on Drug Films

When the National Institute of Mental Health in 1968 first launched its nationwide mass-media campaign against drug abuse, many other organizations also took up the cause, and regiments of film makers and pamphleteers rushed forward to enlist—and, not coincidentally, to acquire some of the Government money that was made available. Last week the National Coordinating Council on Drug Education announced an assessment of these films—and it was a distinct downer.

After evaluating 220 of the 300-odd specimens available, the council rated 31% unacceptable, 53% usable only with careful guidance, and just 16% "scientifically and conceptually acceptable." One film, *Drugs and the Nervous System*, was singled out for "misleading statements," such as a claim that LSD causes permanent brain damage. Another, "LSD: Insight or Insanity," was described as drawing on "rare, infrequent and experimental" results to depict the dangers of LSD use. According to Richard M. Earle, president of the council, the majority of the films exaggerate drug problems in ways that are "so inaccurate, so unscientific, so psychologically unsound that [they] are doing more harm than good."

Drama of Souls

THE GREAT GOD BROWN
by EUGENE O'NEILL

A playwright's middle plays sometimes resemble a man's middle age. He has lost something of the initial impetus, vigor and enthusiasm of his youth. He has also become somewhat skeptical of the ardent loves and rock-sure beliefs that are the trusted absolutes of the young. Yet he is not old enough in years for the long view, the contemplative wisdom which encompasses the entire life span of existence.

For Eugene O'Neill, the early period was his one-act sea plays. O'Neill's almost mystic affinity for the sea was probably the only untormented love that his lonely, brooding, haunted spirit ever knew. O'Neill's late period, in which he exercised the ghosts of the past and reached commanding stature as a dramatist, is pre-eminently represented by *The Iceman Cometh* (this vision at the approach of death) and *Long Day's Journey into Night* (the reconciliation with his family which he could not achieve while his family lived).

Flaws. The rest of O'Neill's plays fall in between, and they exhibit his flaws rather than his virtues. For instance, ideas were like banana peels to O'Neill; he always seems to be picking himself up after having slipped on some thought of Nietzsche's or Strindberg's or Freud's. He was addicted to dramatic stunts—drums in *The Emperor Jones*, mannequins in *The Hairy Ape*, masks in *The Great God Brown*. Something of a Broadway swell and a nifty dresser, he aspired to be a flashy man-about-words, a self-described poet, no less, and some of his highfalutin attempts along these lines make one cringe.

The Great God Brown, currently being revived by Manhattan's New Phoenix Company, is a compendium of these aspects of the lesser O'Neill. It is a drama of split personality. The protagonists, Dion Anthony (John McMartin) and William Brown (John Glover), are physically two but psychiatrically one. The play is a duel of opposing forces within the same being. Anthony stands for Art untrammeled by mundane affairs; Brown for the etiolated Babbletry of Commerce. But Dion is himself divided, his first name standing for Dionysius, the creative-erotic life force, and his last name Anthony for a "saint" in the desert, exorcising a demon." In plot terms, Anthony goes to work for Brown and loses his creative urge and his life. But to secure Anthony's widow (Katherine Helmond) Brown must don Anthony's mask to appropriate Anthony's passion. Thus a transfer of identities is completed. Finally, each character's mask is a device for social camouflage. Worn, it is protective ar-

mor against the hostility and misunderstanding of the world. Dropping it marks the true and vulnerable self.

Even the best efforts of Director Hal Prince, Actors McMartin and Glover, who draw a particularly sensitive portrait of Brown, cannot keep the play from being an abstract, muddy and confusing affair. What is affecting, and occasionally arresting about it is O'Neill's attempt, as he wrote George Jean Nathan, "to dig at the roots of the sickness of today as I feel it—the death of the old God and the failure of science and materialism to give any satisfying new one..." Despite or because of his lapsed Catholicism, the death of the old

GENE KORNBLUTH



GLOVER & HELMUND IN "BROWN"
Exorcising a demon.

God left O'Neill desolate. In *The Great God Brown* and other plays of O'Neill's middle period, that agony bestows an enduring honor on what are otherwise aesthetic failures.

• T.E. Kolem

Vox Populi, Vox Dei

DON JUAN
by MOLIÈRE

Masters and servants share a paradoxical equality and intimacy in several works of Western literature and drama. Think of Lear and his Fool, Don Quixote and Sancho Panza and, in this rarely presented play of Molière's, Don Juan and Sganarelle. The masters are in the grip of some consuming passion or obsession; the servants try to sober them up with an occasional cold splash of common sense.

In this treatment, the servant's dictates are generally recognized as the dry-witted, earthy folk wisdom of *vox po-*



HECHT & MOOR IN "DON JUAN"
Transferring identities.

put. What is more interesting, and not generally recognized, is that the servant also speaks to these particular masters with *vox Dei*. The servant tries to warn the master that if he persists in his extravagant behavior, be it passion or madness, he affronts not only the social but the cosmic order, and will incur the vengeful wrath of the gods. The servant dare not speak too freely lest he be cuffed or dismissed. The master pulls his rank and fails to heed. And thus these overweening master-heroes plunge to their doom.

Don Juan is a classic example, and the story, as Molière tells it, is not substantially different from Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, though distinctly less glorious as a work of art. *Don Juan* is a great seducer, charmer, liar and baneful curse to his father (Bill Moor), but he is something of more disturbing grandeur than that. He is a rebel on the scale of Lucifer. He defies God by challenging the order of things, by being as great an amoralist as one presumes God to be a moralist. He scoffs at fidelity, truth and honor as the manacles of a slave mentality. In his brain, even more than in bed, this great libertine is the precursor of Nietzsche's imagined Superman. Since Bernard Shaw was enamored of the same theme, it is fitting that much of *Don Juan* reminds one of Shawian dialogue and disputation.

On the other hand, Shaw was not quite capable of creating a wise fool as captivatingly human as Sganarelle. John McMartin plays this role to drill perfection, both physically and psychologically. His face and his body operate on alternating currents as he is by turns appalled, amazed and fascinated by Don Juan's behavior. As the Don, Paul Hecht is the compleat cynic and as seductive as the hell he courts.

Don Juan playing in tandem with

The Great God Brown, marks a most auspicious return to the New York scene by the New Phoenix Company, and a goodly omen for serious drama done with high style.

■ T.E.K.

Buckets of Tears

THE LAST OF MRS. LINCOLN
by JAMES PRIDEAUX

History is so dramatic, people frequently say. Apart from Shakespeare's works, there is scarcely a historical play in the entire canon of Western dramatic art worth an aesthetic hoot. An intoxication with history in the theater usually means that someone with the dramatic imagination of a file-card clerk has wandered into the library stacks and gone on a binge with a book.

The effect is sometimes a calumny, as when Rolf Hochhuth claimed in *Soldiers* that Churchill engineered the murder of the head of the Polish government in exile. More often, it is stupefyingly frivolous and sentimental. The afterimage of a *Victoria Reginu* or an *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* consists mostly of the unsettling idea that Queen Victoria was really Helen Hayes and the Great Emancipator was really Raymond Massey. If anyone manages to remember *The Last of Mrs. Lincoln*, it will be with the conviction that Mary Todd Lincoln was really Julie Harris.

If the Harris mannerisms have not palled on you, attend and worship. After her own fashion, she is superb. She does a highly affecting monologue on the ghastly, ghostly ordeal of Mary Lincoln's life abroad. She watches her son Tad dying and dies herself very prettily. It's a three-handkerchief show, and if the theater should ever catch fire, there will be buckets of tears handy with which to douse it.

■ T.E.K.



HARRIS IN "LAST OF MRS. LINCOLN"
Intoxicated in the stacks.

The Audience as Victim

A SENSE OF DETACHMENT
by JOHN OSBORNE

First comes fury (*Look Back in Anger*) and then mordant self-pity (*Inadmissible Evidence*). If these assaults on man's conscience do not take effect, what is left but to call it quits? That is not precisely what Playwright John Osborne has done in his new London play *A Sense of Detachment* (this kind never quits). It is only that, having failed with passion and rational argument to persuade us to open our eyes and ears and hearts, Osborne now resorts to the figurative pig bladder and slapstick. He never totally succeeds this kind never does), but he knows how to make rousing theater.

Through his ingenious director, Frank Dunlop, and a fine ensemble of actors, Osborne has gone McLuhan and made the theater his message. Plot, structure, story—even that Osborne speciality, the long brilliant speech—all gone. Instead, we have half a dozen players on a sparse stage, and a "chairman," who opens the proceedings with a discussion of the printed program. Before long, the characters are asking each other, and the audience, what the hell they're doing there. A beer-swilling football fan issues periodic razzberries from the balcony, while from a front-row seat in the stalls an exasperated Establishment chap complains loudly about the dearth of any sense or decent language from the stage.

Explicit. Indeed, what is coming from the stage is a theatrical version of the toy kaleidoscope that gives you a black eye when you look through it. Recitals of 17th and 18th century romantic poetry are interspersed with luridly explicit readings from a porno catalogue. Every serious motion, every attempt at discourse, is interrupted by a song and dance, or a conga line, or a snippet of newsreel, or a blast of music, or a wisecrack from the audience. And at the end, the chairman turns to the audience and says, "Well, that's the lot."

It is fascinating to see how effectively Osborne can make use of what is very close to improvisational theater, for that is the realm into which his play falls. *A Sense of Detachment* is in many ways a mischievous experiment in audience exploitation. Coursing through his apparently aimless and formless play is Osborne's conviction that man, in his superficial and petty preoccupation with dross, is forgetting how to love. That a substantial number of his listeners can be depended upon to ignore the message is seen in the ease with which Osborne can provoke them to anger and unabashed public retort. Some nights it is hard to distinguish between the paid actors planted in the audience and the victims—the paying customers. In that respect, Osborne's title can be read as a subtle irony.

■ Jesse Birnbaum

**Micronite filter.
Mild, smooth taste.
For all the right reasons.
Kent.**

© Lorillard 1972



America's quality cigarette.
King Size or Deluxe 100's.

Kings: 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine.

100's: 19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report Aug. 72.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



Hardtop



Convertible



SportsRoof



What makes Mustang different is the

For eight years now, the Ford Mustang has been the top selling car in its class.

There are at least three reasons why.

The way it looks.

Sporty, sexy, sleek. You can choose from 5 models: Mach 1, SportsRoof, Grande, Hardtop, and Convertible.

New for 1973, you also get a rugged color-keyed front bumper and a dramatic grille design.

But not all the good looks are on the outside. Inside the cockpit, you sit back in a bucket seat while your hand

drops to a floor-mounted shift console and you look out over a deep-set instrument panel.

The way it handles.

The Mustang's low silhouette and compact size make its handling as beautiful as its looks.

A smoother independent front suspension with anti-sway bar helps take the bumps of rough roads and the twist out of twisting turns.

Giving you decisive sporty-car handling with a comfortable passenger-car ride.



All 1973 cars must meet Federal Emissions Standards before sale. See your Ford Dealer for details.

way it looks, handles, and makes you feel.

The way it feels.

The feeling of control and balance you get from driving a Mustang adds up to a statement of personal style. Like when you do something very well, and know exactly how you did it.

It's a very different experience.

You can ask any of the 1½ million people who own a Mustang. Or you can find out for yourself.

At your Ford Dealer's.

Some of the 1973 Mustang options may cost extra. An automatic transmission, air conditioning, AM/FM stereo radio, or a power front disc brakes are few examples. These options are extra. A comment on price: We'll be the place to buy a car. By the way, Tests show that steel belted radial tires give average drivers 40-50 miles of tread wear under normal driving conditions.

FORD MUSTANG

FORD DIVISION 

THE MODERATE SMOKE.

It's not strong. It's not weak.
It's blended for the middle.

There are no excesses, except
those in quality.

It has premium tasting tobaccos.
Two advanced filter systems. And a
thoughtful Humidor Pack. To keep
your smokes fresher, longer.

Try the Moderate Smoke.
It's the cigarette you can feel
comfortable with. Enjoy. And stay with.



BENSON &
HEDGES **MULTIFILTER**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That
Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Reg. 14 mg. tar; 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report Apr.

Children's Rights: The Latest Crusade

YOUNG Gerald Gault may have thought it was just a joke. He telephoned a housewife who lived near by in Globe, Ariz., and made what the Supreme Court subsequently called "remarks or questions of the irritatingly offensive, adolescent sex variety." The boy had no lawyer, the housewife never publicly testified, no hearing transcript was kept and no appeal was possible. It took a writ of habeas corpus to get a review of the case. Gault could have received a maximum jail term of two months if he had been an adult; since he was 15, he was committed to the State Industrial School until he became 21. Two years passed before the Supreme Court turned him loose in 1967, declaring that "neither the 14th Amendment nor the Bill of Rights is for adults alone."

That landmark ruling extended to a juvenile offender many rights that an adult can take for granted: the right to prompt notice of the charges against him, the right to consult a lawyer, to avoid self-incrimination and to cross-examine hostile witnesses. But though it was a breakthrough, the *Gault* ruling hardly signaled full legal status for children. "Children are the last 'niggers' of our society," says Larry Brown, director of the Boston Task Force on Children Out of School. But *Gault* at least got something started. As Brown observes: "We're on the verge of the last and greatest frontier in civil and legal rights—the rights of children."

Such rights are still relatively few. The problem is complicated by the differences between an infant and an adolescent, since the basic legal principle for all minors is that the parent knows best. In broad terms, says William Aikman of the Massachusetts Law Reform Institute, "the child's legal status is an amalgam of non-citizen, slave, overprotected pet and valuable chattel." He has no legal right to work, to choose his own friends, or to decide on his religion. Adds Henry Foster, who teaches family law at New York University: "Women used to need a guardian before they could enter a court. Now that feudal concept applies only to children."

Dangers. The concept is not simply arbitrary. "Aristotle separated parental rule from constitutional rule for good reason," observes Monrad Paulsen, dean of the University of Virginia Law School. "He said parental rule is superior because it is based on the personal wisdom of the parents, and because it is guided by love." Unfortunately that is not always the case. Says Professor San-

ford N. Katz of the Boston College Law School: "It is in the home that a child's rights are least protected."

Back in 1646, a Massachusetts Bay Colony statute decreed that if a man had "a stubborn or rebellious son" of at least 16 years of age, he could bring him to the magistrate's court where "such a son shall be put to death." The times have grown milder, and yet in many cases the principle of parental rule has continued to defy common sense. Early in this century, for exam-



MASSACHUSETTS FATHER & SON (17TH CENTURY)
The mixture of slave, pet and chattel.

ple, the Washington State Supreme Court threw out a suit by a girl named Lila Roller against her father, who had raped her. The court's ground: "The rule of law prohibiting suits between parent and child is based on the interest that society has in preserving harmony in the domestic relations." As recently as last year, a 14-year-old Filipino girl in Los Angeles sought legal help because her parents ordered her to go back to the Philippines and marry someone they had picked out for her. "She asked me what legal recourse she had," recalls Attorney Riane Eisler. "And I had to tell her she had none."

Far worse can happen when parents are unable to raise a child at all. Consider the case of Pam, now 16. Her mother was struggling to make ends meet after her husband deserted her, and Pam was difficult to handle. So the

mother gave her up to the state. "Pam is very bright and fantastically sensitive," explains Chicago Attorney Patrick Murphy, "but she's not very attractive, and that made it hard to find foster parents. So she was sent to a home for delinquents, where she had nothing much to do except watch TV. Then she was sent out to a foster home for a year, then back to the delinquent home, then to the Elgin State Hospital. She'd gotten into fights because other kids taunted her about her looks. At Elgin, things got worse, so they tied her to her bed for 28 days. When they let her go, she hit a matron, and they put her back in restraints for another 30 days. By this time she really needs psychotherapy."

Pam's story is particularly tragic, but it is only one among the many non-criminal cases the law must deal with. In Chicago's Cook County Juvenile Court, the 28,740 cases handled last year included only 3,500 serious offenses but fully 9,200 instances of parental neglect and juvenile runaways. In many cases, the runaways had reason to flee—cruelty, indifference, or neglect. "Parents are allowed to beat children," says Sanford Katz, "and no action may be taken unless the child is seriously injured." Nationwide, there are more than 500,000 runaways each year.

Rule. The courts are increasingly puzzled by their responsibilities. In Massachusetts, one intractable 15-year-old girl in a foster home was taken to court after she disobeyed her foster parents' rule that she could not talk to boys. She was held to be a "depraved child," but the court could not decide on any punishment. "What can you do," asks Dean Paulsen, "with someone who commits no crime but won't behave? We're starting to realize that training schools don't work. They don't train, and they breed crime. So there's a move toward letting these children go free, especially the 16- and 17-year-olds."

But younger children cannot simply be turned loose, and that can lead to even bigger problems. Chicago was shocked recently by the case of Johnny Lindquist, age six. He was living happily in a foster home after his parents declared they could not provide for him. Then his parents changed their minds, and social workers returned the boy—even though he expressed fear of his father. Four months later, according to police, the father beat the boy senseless. Johnny's skull was crushed. After lying for four weeks in a coma, he died. As a result, an Illinois senate committee has been holding hearings on whether to change child-care laws to resemble those of California, where "due weight" is given to the child's own wishes about custody if he "is of sufficient age and capacity to reason."

The cruel fights over children

THE LAW

occur most often in cases of divorce. More than 750,000 marriages end that way every year, affecting more than a million children. Courts go through at least a ritual of concern for what is best for the children, and recently judges have become slightly less automatic in granting custody to the mother. Still "the rights of children in divorce cases have been virtually ignored," says Marie Kargman, an attorney who works with the Massachusetts Advisory Council on Home and Family. "Rights to property or continuity of residence have never been defined." When a child inherits money, his legal interests are usually protected by court order. Yet in a divorce, complains Los Angeles Attorney Eisler, where the entire fabric of a child's life is involved, "the husband and wife are entitled to counsel, but not the children."

One area where there has been marked progress toward children's rights is, appropriately, the first environment that the growing child encounters when he leaves home: the school. In many ways schools had and still have the transferred power of the parent, and they recognize little law but their own regulations. Only last month the Supreme Court declined to interfere with the power of teachers in Dallas to administer corporal punishment. The court has also been unwilling to hear arguments on the question of boys' refusal to cut their hair. But this issue has prompted case after case, fought out in state and federal courts across the country, and in about half of them long hair has won legal protection. The seemingly absurd constitutional controversy has been an important wedge in support of students' rights.

Armbands. Beyond the right to long hair—or blue jeans or nail polish or miniskirts or whatever teen-agers might impulsively want to put on—students in several Des Moines high schools sought the right to wear black armbands as part of a protest against the Viet Nam War. In *Tinker v. Des Moines Independent Community School District* (1969), the Supreme Court firmly struck down the schools' refusal to allow them, saying that neither students nor teachers shed their constitutional rights to freedom of speech or expression at the schoolhouse gate. Some courts have spread this protection to student newspapers, pamphlets and petitions, but many schools are still reluctant to comply with the spirit of the ruling. Los Angeles Poverty Lawyer Ernest Aubrey observes, "If somebody goes to class with a button that says 'Chicano Power,' the authorities immediately say, 'Well, that's not a black armband.'"

Even when courts do endorse the principle of student rights, they usually allow suppression of those rights if the school can prove a "disruption" of the

educational process. Spot checks for marijuana in lockers, for instance, would be unconstitutional searches if police performed them, but school officials make such checks as part of their duty to maintain order. The pot is then sometimes used as evidence in a criminal prosecution. The apparent basis of such actions is that schools are still seen as acting *in loco parentis* rather than as agents of the police.

Schools are also nervous about sex, and many will expel any girl who becomes pregnant. In Chicago, a 17-year-old whom the court referred to as Mary Doe, became pregnant while she was a senior. She had an A-minus average and had received an Illinois merit scholarship to a university, but her high school nonetheless ousted her. There are two

see a doctor confidentially about a drug problem. Says one Boston psychiatrist: "Almost every kid who comes to me has had some experience with drugs. This gives me the cover to help them any way they need, including contraceptives, without telling their parents—unless they want their parents told."

Runaways. "Children do not belong to parents," says Edward Zigler, director of the U.S. Government Office of Child Development, and one of a growing breed of advocates who are concerned with children's rights. But the new children's advocates do not propose that the family give way entirely to the courts. "Courts can destroy relationships, but they cannot create them," observes Lawyer-Psychologist Joseph Goldstein of Yale Law School. He thus opposes legalistic custodial laws that assign orphaned children to their nearest blood relatives. He prefers laws that would "acknowledge the emotional realities that exist," allowing the judge discretion to assign the children to a distant relative or even a close friend who is fond of them. His Yale colleague, Jay Katz, proposes in the case of runaways "a provision for legally approved separation between parents and children. Better to have it over than to maintain a fiction."

Children's advocates also urge that juvenile courts should no longer have the authority to enforce so-called incorrigibility statutes, which, like vagrancy laws, are used to sweep the streets of "undesirables." The critics contend that these laws are unconstitutional and should be abandoned, since they outlaw no specific offense and leave their victims unjustifiably incarcerated. Director Joe Henning of the A.B.A. Youth Education for Citizenship program urges a gradation of rights that would encourage children "to undertake more of the responsibilities of citizenship as they grow older." Forcing a five-year-old to go to bed at 7:30 may be reasonable, but he points out that it would hardly make sense for the law to back up similar parental regulations for someone who is 17.

The possibility of expanded rights calls up the specter of children constantly litigating with their parents, but that is not very likely. The challenge will be to define rights in a way that expands the child's protection against abuse without undermining the psychic benefits of parental authority. "There is no way the government can supply the 24-hour, seven-day, 52-week care of a good parent," says Virginia's Paulsen. That was certainly the case with Pam, who spent those months tied to her bed at Illinois' Elgin State Hospital. Attorney Murphy won a judgment for her. She is now in a private institution where the state pays \$45 a day to undo the psychic damage its agents did to her.

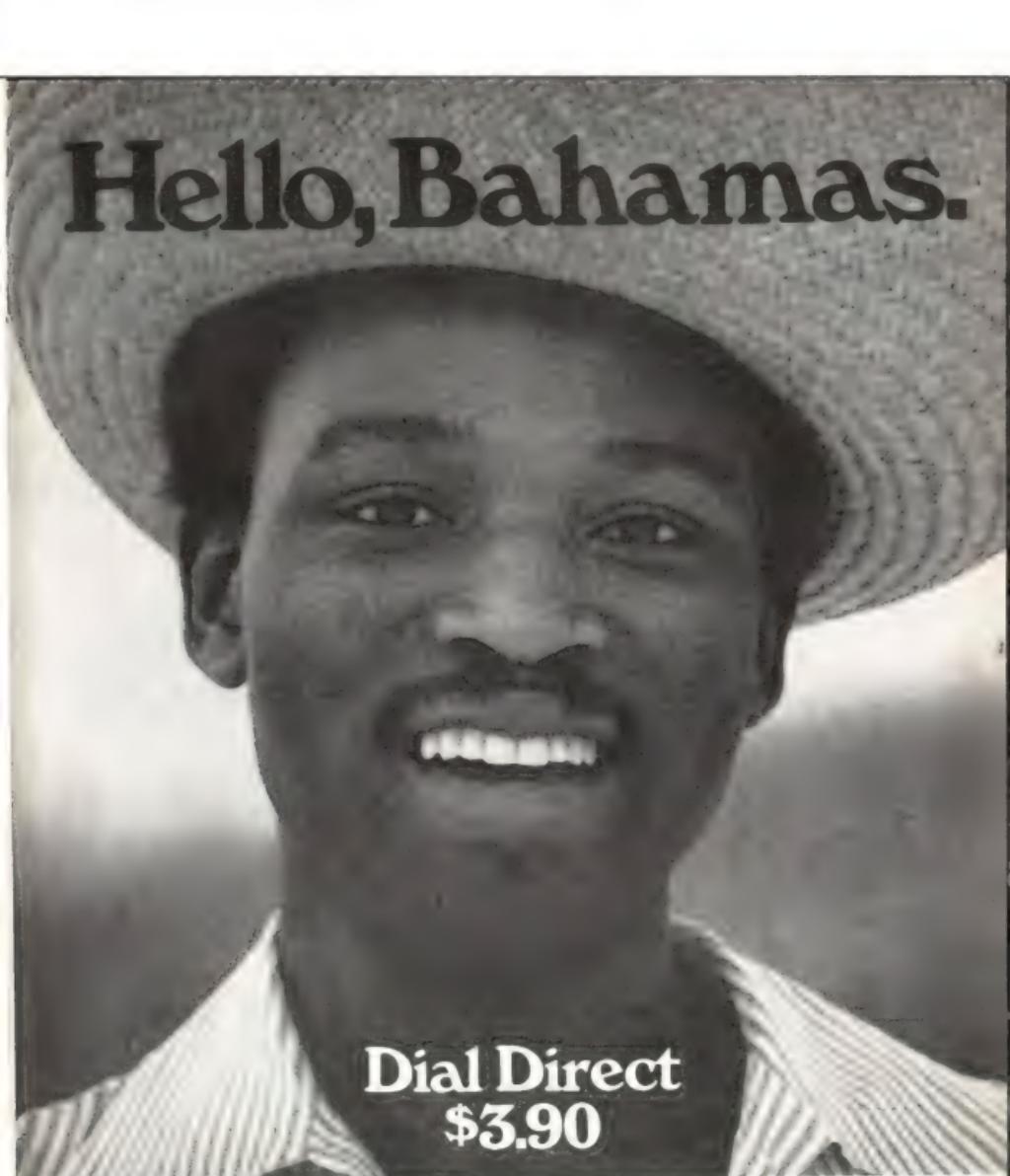


BEATEN CHILD, LONG HAIR & PROTESTERS
Will they sue their parents?

schools for unwed mothers in the city, but they were full. Mary seemed doomed to miss a year in school and to lose her scholarship until the American Civil Liberties Union brought suit on her behalf. She was readmitted to her old school, and Chicago ended the automatic-expulsion policy. The action was part of a trend extending the right to a hearing to students faced with suspension for misbehavior.

Though adolescent problems burgeon as a child nears his majority, the law has traditionally forbidden young people to get medical help without their parents' permission. In the last five years most states have made an exception in the case of venereal disease. Now concern over drug abuse is also helping to break down the old rules. Both Massachusetts and Michigan have new laws that permit children as young as 13 to

Hello, Bahamas.



Dial Direct
\$3.90

We've made it cheaper for you to hear the sound of Bahamian laughter.

You now pay only \$3.90 plus tax for a three-minute station-to-station call from New York to the Bahamas. This is a call you dial yourself, without operator assistance, between 7 a.m. and 6 p.m., Monday through Saturday.

At night and on Sundays, it costs only \$2.85 plus tax, when you dial direct from New York. Only \$1.80 from Miami and \$2.40 from Washington, D.C. Check the operator for rates from other cities and for other types of calls.

So whether getting to the Bahamas is your business or pleasure, you'll save when you use area code 809 and dial direct.



Vestments in the Grand Old Style

In the past few years, the look of vestments used in Christian ritual has changed. Chief reason is the democratization of the Catholic Church. Vestments once had a hierarchic purpose: the presence of the priest at a raised altar, draped in a chasuble thick with gold and silver embroidery, stiff and heavy as oxidized, glittering in the taper light, symbolized the spiritual distance between God's minister and his people. Costume is a basic way of preserving differences. Moreover, since the priest stood between the faithful and the altar, mostly with his back to the congregation, his full height was in view, this gave traditional vestment makers a large canvas over which to deploy their designs. In the new Catholic liturgy, celebrants face their congregations across table-like altars. And with the emphasis on the vernacular and the essential unity of priest and people at worship, ecclesiastical garments have become plainer: chasubles tend to be simple ponchos, their ornamentation light.

Dazzling. Many mourn the passing of the grander style of vestments, since, like stained glass, it added an element of visual beauty to the ritual of worship. At the peak of the craft, medieval artisans in particular produced designs of extraordinary richness and delicacy. One of the richest collections in the Western Hemisphere is that of Manhattan's Metropolitan Museum of Art from which *TIME* herewith offers a sampling.

The chasuble used in liturgical celebration developed out of everyday Greco-Roman clothing: an enveloping cloak (Latin name *castula*, or little house), worn over the tunic, was adopted by the church some time after the 4th century A.D. Made of wool at first, the chasuble—with the increasing availability of silk around the 10th and 11th centuries—gradually acquired a dazzling sumptuousness. The epitome of this was *opus Anglicanum*, or “English work,” a taxingly intricate method of embroidery that flourished in London guild shops during the 13th and 14th centuries. The Met possesses one rare example, the so-called Chichester-Constable chasuble, whose scenes (like the Adoration of the Magi, opposite) are embroidered with dense, flat expanses of metal-covered thread. Tin, mined in Cornwall, was drawn to a fine ribbon, coated with gold, wound around the silk and then worked into the red velvet ground with gold or silver needle: steel needles, as known today, were not used until the 15th century.

Embroidery is essentially decorative. As illusion, it is hobbled by the pattern of stitches, which could never attain the fluidity of line and shading that

paint or wash gave. Refined as it is, with its *or nue* or "shaded gold" method of gold thread couched with varicolored silks, a roundel like the 16th century Spanish Adoration of the Magi (based, probably, on an unidentified Renaissance painting) is almost too limited in technique for the painting style it simulates. But in flat pattern, Renaissance and later embroiderers could and did achieve magnificent results—sometimes lighthearted and almost naive, as in the white stitching of flowers, fruits, and leaves on a white linen 18th century French dalmatic (or tunic); more often, of laboriously achieved splendor: the peacock displaying the green silk and gold-and-silver cord eyes and rays of his tail on a 16th century French chasuble, or the coiling festoons of gold grapes with silk chenille leaves that some anonymous craftworker applied to a 19th century Italian vestment.

Copes, which are worn instead of the chasuble for non-Eucharistic ceremonies such as marriages or baptisms, tended to have an all-over, continuous design. Typical is the exaggeratedly baroque fruitings and blossomings of what appears, on an early 18th century brocade, to be the Garden of Eden, seen against a blue satin sky. But with chasubles, a different convention arose. This sprang from the tailors' way of seaming together strips of fabric, which were then reinforced with a decorative vertical band called an orphrey. Orphreys might be relatively simple—as on the Met's heavily restored 14th-15th century Spanish chasuble, with its complex design of formalized pomegranates in woven velvet split by an embroidered ornamental band with figures of St

Lucy and St. Barbara. Or they might turn into an iconographical picnic: witness the orphrey-like cross on a heavy Dutch tapestry chasuble from 1570, depicting the children of Israel gathering manna (which floats, in white stylized roundels, from the sky), with Moses' bulrushes below, heraldic crests on both sides, and a motto that reads "We are bent, not broken by the waves."

Compared with such elaborate efforts, the most artistically significant vestments of modern times—Henri Matisse's chasubles for the chapel he designed and decorated at Vence—seem almost transparently simple: a collage of patches. Yet their airy fluidity of color, their instinctive brightness, attests to a different type, but not a lower intensity of faith.



PRIEST WEARING MODERN CHASUBLE



HENRI MATISSE'S DESIGN OF CHASUBLE FOR VENCE CHAPEL
From dazzling sumptuousness to airy lucidity



Above, embroidered silk roundel: Adoration of the Magi. Spanish, 16th century.

Red cut-velvet chasuble showing Adoration of the Magi in opus Anglicanum (embroidered silk and metal thread). English, early 14th century.





Wool-tapestry chasuble. Dutch, 1570.



Grapes in gold and silk chenille. Italian, 19th century.



Silk brocade on satin cope. Italian, early 18th century. (Detail).



Dalmatic. French, 18th century. (Detail).



Brocaded chasuble. Spanish, late 14th-early 15th century.



Satin chasuble's embroidered peacock. French, 16th century.

Speaking Jesus' Language

Only a handful of Middle Eastern communities still speak Aramaic, the language in which Jesus preached. One is the Syrian village of Maloula, most of whose 1,000 inhabitants are Christian. The roots of their everyday speech go back at least to the 10th century B.C. Aramaic was the language of parts of the Old Testament books of Daniel and Ezra, much of the Jerusalem Talmud and of the common people at the time of Christ, when Hebrew was used principally by the upper classes. Maloula, isolated in the hills, held out for centuries against both the Moslem religion and the Arabic tongue. The isolation has now been broken by a nearby superhighway, but the village still evokes the mood of an ancient Christian bastion. TIME Correspondent Gavin Scott dis- covered last week. His report

An hour's drive north of Damascus into the russet foothills of the Anti-Lebanon range, the road curves past an elegant stand of cypress trees. Suddenly the village cascades into view. The flat-roofed houses of mud and stone climb up the walls of a dead-end canyon of brown rock. Nestled in a crevice is the dome of a small convent, and high above, on the crest of the ravine, looms the Byzantine cupola of a monastery

It got official protection to build their mosque in 1958. "They put it right beside the police station," reports one young resident. "That helped, because all the police are Moslem."

Some accounts credit St. Thomas with converting Maloula to Christianity. Others ascribe the conversion to a passing hermit, a fervent Christian who was horrified to discover lascivious goings-on at a Roman bath in the village and cursed the place, thereby causing the bath to collapse over the heads of the libidinous bathers. A church now stands on the site of the baths.

Still another legend has it that a

HORNBLAER

Day, which the village celebrates on Sept. 14. In the 4th century, the Roman Emperor Constantine, a convert to Christianity, dispatched his mother Helena to the Holy Land to search for the true cross. He also ordered the lighting of fiery beacons from Jerusalem to Constantinople to flash the joyous news if she should find it. Two of these were placed on either side of Maloula's narrow canyon. In modern times, one beacon has been tended on feast days by Melchites, the other by Greek Orthodox. Today the feast is marked by the "throwing of fire"—in the form of flaming logs and foul-smelling burning auto tires—from niches in the cliff. "There is music and dancing and speeches by the mukhtar," says Habib Zaarour, a village youth. "They shoot guns in the



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: THE VILLAGE OF MALOULA, VILLAGE WOMAN CLIMBING ANCIENT STEPS, CONVENT OF ST. TAKLA

that, according to its lone priest, is 1,700 years old. Below is a patchwork of tiny fields where villagers grow corn, tomatoes and grapes.

About 80% of the village's Christians are Eastern Rite (Melchite) Catholics who owe allegiance to Rome; the remaining 20% are Greek Orthodox and are loyal to the Ecumenical Patriarch in Istanbul. There are also about 80 Moslems in the village, all members of the Diabs family. For years the Diabs sought to build a mosque. But every time they began construction, the Christians would destroy by night what the Diabs had built by day. The Diabs final-

woman named Takla, a follower of St. Paul, was driven into the desert by her pagan father in A.D. 45. Fleeing soldiers intent on raping her, Takla ran into the cul-de-sac of Maloula's canyon. Trapped, she raised her hands in desperate prayer to the Holy Virgin. Miraculously the mountains parted, creating a narrow passage at the top of the valley that permitted her to escape. Villagers still dip their hands in a fountain at the Convent of St. Takla, built into the rock face, in belief that the water has miraculous properties.

Perhaps the most enduring of Maloula's legends concerns Holy Cross

air and everyone has a grand time."

On three occasions since 1850, Maloulians have protected themselves from attacks by outsiders by hiding in caves high on the cliff face, reached only by 60-ft. ladders, which they drew up behind them. A ladder still swings from one of the caves, giving the impression that villagers feel they may one day need to seek refuge in the caves again.

Everyone in Maloula is now bilingual in Arabic and Aramaic (which sounds roughly like Hebrew, much as Dutch, say, sounds like German). The villagers seem oblivious to the fact that they are among the last custodians of

RELIGION

the language of Jesus. But don't they at least feel a kinship with Jesus at Christmas?" "No," says Father Philipos, a Lebanese priest of the village, "the reason the language has survived is that all the surrounding villages are Moslem. A second reason is that, if the villagers speak Aramaic, others will not understand. It helps the Malouians to keep their affairs to themselves."

Tidings

► The Vatican has been severely criticized in recent years for failing to speak out during the Hitler era against the persecution of Jews. But what if a Pope had issued a stinging encyclical in the late 1930s that did speak out on this issue? According to a copyrighted story last week in the *National Catholic Reporter*, such an encyclical was actually drafted for Pope Pius XI in 1938 by the late American Jesuit scholar John LaFarge and two fellow Jesuits. But the document was never promulgated by Pius, who died in 1939. The LaFarge draft, found among the priest's papers, assailed excessive nationalism as "a perversion of the spirit" and decried totalitarianism as a contradiction of the natural law. It charged that the Nazi quest for racial purity ended as a "struggle against the Jews" and warned Catholics that racism ignores "decisive doctrines of Catholic faith and morals." No one knows why the encyclical, which presumably was known to Pius XI's successor, Pius XII, was not promulgated. Historians can only guess what it might have accomplished: Sociologist Gordon Zahn argued in *N.C.R.* that "Nazis anti-Semitic practices might not have escalated to the stage of planned extermination; more important, Catholics in countries soon to be occupied might have been less ready to cooperate when the time came."

► Protestant denominations, according to current conventional wisdom, are steadily losing membership. But the truth of the matter depends on the denomination. Year-end statistics show yet another notable decline in the membership of the mainstream United Methodist Church, but a remarkable gain for the evangelical Southern Baptist Convention. The United Methodists reported a drop of 175,000 during the past year, bringing their membership total down to 10,335,000. Methodist Church schools dropped more startlingly, losing 255,000 enrollees. The Southern Baptists prospered all across the board. Preliminary membership projections for 1972 indicate that the denomination passed the 12 million mark this year, becoming the first U.S. Protestant denomination to do so. Some 453,000 adult and teen-age baptisms brought the denomination's membership to 12,051,000. Sunday schools picked up 43,000 enrollees, reaching a record total of 7,184,000. Receipts were up more than 10%, soaring past the billion-dollar mark, to \$1,078,652,000.



VAN WINKLE & HYPNOTIST DAMON REINHOLD AT DETROIT RECORDING SESSION

MUSIC

Hypnotic Rock

Hypnotist Damon Reinbold raised the blushing ball of glass into the light. "You are drifting down," he intoned. "Farther and farther into a deep, sound and relaxing hypnotic sleep." Lower and lower drooped the heads of the two rock musicians, David Teegarden, 27, and Skip ("Van Winkle") Knapé, 28. When their chins touched their chests, Damon, as he is known professionally, nodded to the engineers. The recording session was about to begin.

To combat the chilling impersonality of the recording studio, rock stars have been known to indulge in alcohol, pot or worse. But the recent events at Detroit's Westbound Records were something new. "The mood of music is now flowing through your mind, through your body, through your entire being," boomed Damon, a regular guest on late-night TV talk shows several years back. "When I count to four, Skip will count off the first number." One...two...three...On four, Van Winkle struck a chord on his electric organ. Teegarden spun a roll on his drums, and away they went into *Dancing in the Street*. Up in the engineer's booth, a spectator, Rock Guitarist Mike Bruce, fell under Damon's spell and slid off a stool to the floor. A bystander caught Bruce's head inches from the tile floor.

Was it all a gimmick? Partly. Westbound, distributed nationally by the New York-based blues-and-rock label Chess Janus, plans to release the whole wacky affair, hypnosis and all, in late February. The session did produce some surprising results for the performers, who once recorded for Atlantic but who had their biggest hit with a disk that they put out at their own expense in 1970 (*God, Love and Rock & Roll*).

Though Teegarden and Van Winkle slumped back into their chairs after every number, they later recalled feeling as though they had been performing in front of a live audience. "I felt like I was on a gig," said Van Winkle. "I kept

expecting applause." At one point during the session Damon asked Teegarden and Van Winkle to play one song, *Happy Organ Shuffle*, in three different moods: light, sad, then angry ("All the frustrating and angry things that have ever happened over the years are now building up inside of you"). On the angry version the music grew harsh and rushed, then got out of hand. "When I get mad, I play real fast," Van Winkle explained afterward.

When Damon finally brought Teegarden and Van Winkle out of their trance, Van Winkle blinked and drew laughs from observers in the studio by asking, "Now are we going to play?" In fact, most critics who attended the session felt that the duo had played up to or better than their norm—whatever the reason. Said Detroit News Amusement Writer Bill Gray: "The music was good and the duo was incredibly tight. It was definitely a mind blower."

Ten-Finger Exercise

Great violinists or pianists, as the saying goes, often seem to have more talent in their little fingers than amateurs have in their entire bodies. Now a German physiology researcher says that is precisely where they do have their talent—in their little fingers, as well as their other fingers and wrists. Dr. Christopher Wagner, 41, a member of the Max Planck Institute of Work Physiology in Dortmund, has conducted tests on 160 violinists and as many pianists over a three-year period. His conclusion: instrumental virtuosity comes foremost from dexterity and pliancy in the joints of the lower arms and fingers.

"Psychological characteristics such as talent, musicality, love or affinity for the world of sound, diligence, patience and perseverance are all undeniably important, maybe even indispensable," says Wagner, "yet not a substitute for these physical characteristics, which simply must be present."

For his tests, Wagner used not

MUSIC

only such household devices as tape measures but also four viselike instruments of his own invention that vaguely resemble medieval torture machines. Each was designed to measure the flexibility of some part of the hand or lower arm while preventing any movement in the other parts. Though he has not yet completed his studies, Wagner is convinced that the greater dexterity of professional musicians is hereditary and does not come from their years of practice. If it came from practice, he argues, then musicians with the same training would not have such differing degrees of dexterity. Nor even the size and shape of the hand seem to count. The first-prize winner in a recent Munich piano competition, Taiwanese Pianist Pi-hsien Chen, had the smallest hands Wagner measured.

Wagner's research is backed up by



MEASURING DEXTERITY BY MACHINE

Talent no substitute.

personal experience. After finishing medical school, he spent five years studying piano and conducting at the Detmold Music Academy. There he became frustrated at his inability to make his hands do what he wanted them to do at the keyboard. Despite six hours of daily practice, a couple of trips to a finger stretcher and various remedial exercises, he could not overcome what he took to be his natural limitations, so he abandoned his studies.

Wagner believes that his tests could be used by music academies to weed out unpromising applicants, as well as by music teachers to "locate the exact physical shortcoming of a student and work out compensatory techniques." A pianist with a "stiff" finger, for example, could make more use of an adjacent note. Another result of his research, he maintains, is confirmation that the recurrent inflammations of the hand and arm suffered by musicians are the result of overtaxing their native skills—a musical variation on tennis elbow, football knee and surfer's knob.

IMPORTED
SPECIAL DRY
Distilled English Gin
Charles Tanqueray

If this were an ordinary gin, we would have put it in an ordinary gin bottle.



The name says it all:
Iceberg 10

Icy menthol flavor and only 10 mg. 'tar'

Less 'tar' than 99% of all menthol cigarettes sold. Yet Iceberg 10
—with the advanced Delta Design filter—delivers the full, fresh icy flavor you want.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method



PARIS PHOTOGRAPHERS PERCH, CLAMBER, DANGLE FROM TREE IN PURSUIT OF HENRY KISSINGER

THE PRESS

Kissinger Watch

When Henry Kissinger left Paris last week, ending his third round of talks with Chief North Vietnamese Negotiator Le Duc Tho, the Paris press corps heaved a collective sigh of relief. "My desire for an agreement," said CBS Bureau Chief Peter Kalisher just before the negotiations adjourned, "is topped only by my desire for Kissinger to go home so I can get some sleep."

Maybe it was the press's own fault. Paris newsmen took it as a challenge when both sides declared that the peace talks would be secret, even as to the sites. CBS's Kalisher recalls reading a magazine piece on Thanksgiving Day. "In the article," Kalisher recalls, "Henry Kissinger said he thought the talks should be secret and that he had the means to make them so. I ripped out the article, and wrote the following to him on it: 'Dear Henry: Eat this with your Thanksgiving dinner. *Bon appetit.*'"

The strategy was simple, but exhausting. It consisted of stationing motorcyclists outside the U.S. embassy residence and the residence of Le Duc Tho. Whenever either of them emerged, the motorcyclist roared in pursuit, with a cameraman clinging to the back seat. NBC buttressed its eight-man Paris bureau with 22 temporary employees, including five motorcyclists; CBS and ABC added 17 and 14 Paris staffers respectively, and ABC installed radio-telephone systems in an armada of cars and cycles. Skirmishes between reporters and gendarmes multiplied: Keystone Cop car chases through Paris streets and country roads proliferated.

When the latest round of talks began, the secrecy surrounding meeting sites was officially abolished. By that time, though, newsmen had become understandably suspicious. Sure enough, Kissinger sped off to an unannounced villa in Neuilly, but the motorcyclists were in hot pursuit. Later in the week, ABC Correspondent Louis Ciolfi tried to dangle a microphone into the garden from an adjacent building, but it got tangled in a bush and was spotted by security men. Kissinger kicked Ciolfi about this embarrassment, but let the mike stay where it was.

At a villa in Gif-sur-Yvette, an alternate site, the networks erected a 16-ft scaffold in the hope of getting a shot of Kissinger and the North Vietnamese strolling behind the garden wall. One CBS cameraman found an orphanage behind the villa and promised to support one of the children for a year (at \$10 a month) in return for a vantage point on the building's roof.

The results were marginal. Every time that Kissinger emerged from whatever villa, he walked into a blinding glare of television lights, while every reporter and cameraman strained to catch the expression on his face. Then the press motorcycles chased his limousine back to Paris. (At a press conference before his departure, Kissinger said he was pleased that the cyclists had survived.)

Still, some feel that the experience has honed their journalistic skills. Says John Rolfson, ABC Paris chief, half jokingly: "Just imagine what genuses we'll be when we have a story where we actually know what's going on."

Ms. Makes It

Ms. had about as unlikely a launching as any magazine ever had. Its first "issue" was a 44-page supplement in *New York* magazine's year-end edition last December. *Ms.* had a glamorous and talented editor in Gloria Steinem, but minimal financing. It did not put out its first regular monthly issue until July. But last week *Ms.* was the talk of the trade. Its December circulation reached 395,000. *Ms.* has 160,000 subscribers (at \$9 a year) and sells 235,000 copies (at \$1) on newsstands around the country; the January print order has been raised to 530,000. The magazine got a phenomenal 7.5% return on its only subscription mailing so far (2% is considered good). Even more phenomenally, 40% of the readers responding to insert cards inviting subscriptions enclosed cash or checks with their orders (thus saving *Ms.* the considerable expense of a bill). In a word, *Ms.* is ending its first six months running in the black, a situation almost unheard of in modern publishing.

Although the issue containing *Ms.* broke all of *New York's* newsstand sales records, skeptics argued that the curiosity of women east of the Hudson River was an unreliable barometer of national interest. When a preview edition was released nationwide in January, the scoffing stopped. The issue's 300,000 copies on newsstands from Detroit to San Francisco to Moscow, Idaho, sold out in eight days and garnered more than 36,000 subscriptions.

Encouraged by this response, Warner Communications agreed to invest \$1,000,000 to buy a 25% interest in the newly formed *Ms.* Magazine Corp. Steinem and three other full-time staffers began scouring the country for

THE PRESS

women journalists. The key acquisition was Patricia Carbine, then editor in chief at *McCall's* and before that an 18-year veteran of *Look*. "I was convinced that the moment was about right for a serious and focused magazine that would concentrate on the question of how to change a woman's life," Carbine says. "I wasn't really finished at *McCall's*, but I felt if this magazine was going to happen it should not be delayed." Carbine, 41, became *Ms.* editor in chief and publisher; Steinem retained the title of editor.

The first monthly issue, bearing a cover picture of the comic-strip character Wonder Woman, appeared in July and conveyed a mixed bag of goods. Essays blaming both the shaving of body hair and the wearing of panties (the latter written by Germaine Greer) on male oppression seemed bent on completing the self-parody of Women's Liberation that various public bra burnings had begun. But a piece describing the workings of an internal combustion engine

has introduced Mary Self-Worth, a comic-strip heroine who dispenses aid and feminist advice to a succession of nubile and chockleheaded coeds ("I've already arranged for your abortion at the free clinic, Ann—and here is your six months' supply of birth control pills. But remember, a liberated woman is also free to say no.")

The magazine's layout, cramped and fussy at first, has become striking and often imaginative, although occasional excesses manage to overshadow the text. The occasional shrillness of early issues has largely disappeared. Says Editor Carbine: "Now, with the joyful realization that the forum will be around for a long time, I don't think we have to say everything in one, two or three issues."

Her optimism seems well-founded. *Ms.* can now meet its low operating costs through circulation revenues alone. Ad rates have just been raised from \$3,000 to \$4,000 for a full-page black-and-white. Surveys show that

MARY-ELLEN WIEHL—LEE CHILO



MARY SELF-WORTH IN ACTION

"Populist Mechanics: Demystifying Your Car") offered women some defenses against chauvinistic (or crooked) auto repairmen. An excerpt from Ingred Bengt's recently published *Combat in the Erogenous Zone* movingly portrayed one woman's growing rage at men's sexual imperviousness. Author Simone de Beauvoir, whose *The Second Sex* inaugurated much feminist debate 23 years ago, revealed her waning faith in socialism as a means of gaining rights for women.

Subsequent issues have featured fiction by Doris Lessing, children's stories in which little girls are every bit the equal of little boys, Editor Steinem's sympathetic reminiscence of Marilyn Monroe, large doses of medical advice, studies of American women who influenced history. The magazine also offered first-person accounts on subjects as diverse as adopting children and securing credit or a mortgage, and works by such prominent women writers as Margaret Drabble, Kate Millett and Lois Gould. Lest anyone think the new women have no sense of humor, *Ms.*



EDITOR-PUBLISHER PATRICIA CARBINE

90% of subscribers are women, with a median household income of \$14,520. Only 18% are affiliated with Women's Liberation groups.

The magazine's staff of 36 (including three men) operates out of a cluttered suite of ten offices in Manhattan. Although still a major force in the operation, Steinem has spread authority among the magazine's ten other top editors, listed alphabetically on the masthead. "The hierarchical form doesn't work any more at home or in the office," she says. "We have tried to find a workable new solution that reflects the opinion of the majority."

Steinem sees *Ms.* evolving from a reporter of women's problems into a forum that charts the future. "The first issues reiterated the problems and didn't push a frontier," she says. "Our direction now is how women can change their lives." And if women change their lives, men will inevitably have to change theirs. Says Publisher Carbine: "If we do our job in the right way, we will be a truly humanist magazine with equal appeal to men and women."

MILESTONES

Divorced. Dean Martin, 55, boozey-voiced king of low-proof TV song and dance; and Jeanne Martin, 44; after 23 years of marriage (three of separation), three children; in Hollywood.

Divorced. James H. Nicholson, 56, co-founder and former president of American International Pictures, which during the '50s and '60s earned healthy profits and abusive reviews with such mindless, minibus budgeted films for the adolescent drive-in set as *I Was a Teenage Werewolf* and *How to Stuff a Wild Bikini*; following surgery for a brain tumor, in Los Angeles.

Died. Eugene Berman, 73, Russian-born painter who led the neo-romantic movement in Paris during the '20s but found his real forte three decades later as a designer of lush sets for New York's Metropolitan Opera (*Rigoletto*, *The Barber of Seville*, *Don Giovanni*), and the opera stages of Europe; in Rome.

Died. L.P. (for Leslie Poles) Hartley, 76, prolific English novelist whose poised, finely finished story of love between the social classes, *The Go-Between*, was last year made into a memorable movie; of heart and liver disease; in London.

Died. René Mayer, 77, ubiquitous Cabinet minister in the postwar governments of France and its Premier for four months in 1953; in Paris. A businessman (railroads) turned politician, Mayer fled to Algiers in 1943. As a member of the Radical Socialists in the postwar French Assembly, he proved himself a hard-headed technician capable of self-preservation during the Fourth Republic's era of musical-chair governments. In 1955, Mayer was named president of the European Coal and Steel Community, which eventually evolved into the Common Market.

Died. Mark Van Doren, 78, educator, author and poet; in Torrington, Conn. A lean, soft-spoken scholar, Van Doren launched his career as an educator at New York City's Columbia University in 1920. Though he wrote more than 50 books of verse, fiction and literary criticism and in 1940 won a Pulitzer Prize for his spare, Frostian lyrics (*Collected Poems*), the classroom remained his focal point for 39 years. Among the students influenced by his gentle Socratic discourses were Novelist Jack Kerouac and Poets Thomas Merton, Allen Ginsberg and John Berryman. Though stunned by the 1959 scandal involving his son Charles, who had been felled on the TV quiz show *Twenty-One*, Van Doren remained a near-legendary figure whose guidance was eagerly sought by Columbia's pupils and graduates.

WHY?

36 MONTH/50,000 MILE WARRANTY

ROLLS-ROYCE

24 MONTH/24,000 MILE WARRANTY*

VOLKSWAGEN

12 MONTH OR 12,000 MILE WARRANTY

AMBASSADOR	COMET	FORD	MAVERICK	POLARA
BARRACUDA	CONTINENTAL	FURY	MAZDA	PONTIAC
BEL AIR	CORONET	GALAXIE	MERCEDES-BENZ	RENAULT
BISCAYNE	CORVETTE	GRAND PRIX	MERCURY	RIVIERA
BONNEVILLE	COUGAR	GRAND VILLE	MG-B	ROAD RUNNER
BUICK	CRICKET	GREMLIN	MONACO	SATELLITE
CADILLAC	CUTLASS	HONDA	MONTE CARLO	SEBRING
CALAIS	DART	HORNET	MONTEGO	SKYLARK
CAMARO	DATSON	IMPALA	MONTEREY	SUBARU
CAPRI	DELTA	IMPERIAL	MUSTANG	THUNDERBIRD
CAPRICE	DEMON	JAVELIN	NEWPORT	TORINO
CATALINA	DE VILLE	JENSEN	NEW YORKER	TORONADO
CENTURION	DODGE	LeMANS	NINETY-EIGHT	TOYOTA
CHALLENGER	DUSTER	LE SABRE	NOVA	TRIUMPH
CHARGER	ELDORADO	LINCOLN	OLDSMOBILE	VALIANT
CHEVELLE	ELECTRA	LTD	OPEL	VEGA
CHEVROLET	F-85	MALIBU	PANTERA	VENTURA II
CHRYSLER	FIAT	MARQUIS	PINTO	
COLT	FIREBIRD	MATADOR	PLYMOUTH	



Few things in life work as well as a Volkswagen.

For details, see your dealer or authorized Volkswagen distributor. *Subject to limited availability. See dealer for details. ©1974 Volkswagen of America, Inc.

COVER STORY

Skiing: The New Lure of a Supersport

► It looked like snow that winter day, and John Bintz was swept up with inspiration. An apple grower near Saginaw, Mich., Bintz had been searching for ways to use all the dirt left over from bulldozing a pond next to his orchards. Why not build a mountain? So with an earth leveler, he pushed the soil into a 60-ft. mound and named it the Apple Mountain Ski Resort. That was a dozen years ago. Today Apple Mountain has grown to 200 ft., and it bristles with eight ski lifts, an eight-nozzle snowmaking machine, an equipment

month since last spring for the vacation, cutting corners wherever they could. Wife Betsy made casseroles and froze them so the family could dine cheaply at its rented ski house. Says Bill Richardson of the trip: "It's costly but worth it. Betsy likes the fresh air. I like the speed and the challenge. The kids just have a good time. It's wonderful for the family."

From Bintz's Bump to the Sierras, from the Tetons to the Tatras, ski lifts are rising almost wherever the ground

HORST FERBERBER/RAINFOOTAGE



YOUNG PEOPLE SHOWING OFF THEIR BOARDS AT SAAS-FEE, SWITZERLAND
A sport for all senses, a cozy subculture, a growth industry.

shop, a ski school and a lodge. On winter weekends, as many as 2,400 people turn out to ski down what they call "Bintz's Bump" or "Bintz's Folly." Some folly. Near by, Farmer Bintz is scraping together another 200-ft. slope.

► On the night before Christmas, all through the William Richardson house in Ross, Calif., there will be quite a stir. Besides trimming the tree and wrapping presents, the Richardsons will be waxing their skis, dusting off their boots and packing the Volkswagen camper Richardson, 36, business manager of a private school near San Francisco, has taken his wife and four children to the Sierras, five hours away, every winter for the past six years. As usual, the preparations began in October, when the Richardsons attended a "ski swap" and exchanged with others the gear that the children had outgrown. The Richardsons had been setting money aside every

does. Molehills are being made into mountains, and a significant segment of humanity is rushing to slide down them. This Christmas, start of the holiday week in which ski-area operators do about one-third of their business for the year, more people than ever will be heading for the hills. Michigan auto executives and plant workers will politely jostle one another for spots in the half-hour lift lines at some of that state's 76 ski areas. In the South, where there are 15 ski resorts, young salesmen and account executives meet Atlanta college girls brushing up their parallel turns before heading for Aspen on semester break. Meanwhile, real estate developers in North Carolina are using ski hills as come-ons to sell lots for second homes. And near Milwaukee, executives of Continental Can Co. have proposed that the city build a ski area on a pile of pulverized garbage.

The nation now has nearly 700 ski areas, double the number a decade ago. Skiing passed golf this year as the sport on which Americans lavish the most money (\$1.5 billion). At least 6,000 Americans are skiers, and the total is climbing 15% a year. Round the world, more than 20 million people ski. The fast-growing sport has become popular in such unlikely places as Spain, Morocco, Lebanon and Albania. Skiing has also caught on in the Soviet Union; a ski jump overlooks Moscow from the Lenin Hills. For the world's resort owners, hotel operators, travel agents, equipment makers, clothing designers, real estate speculators and orthopedic surgeons, skiing this year will be a \$10 billion enterprise.

Non-skiers cannot comprehend why otherwise rational people rise at dawn in order to buy a \$10 ticket for the privilege of shivering in a slow-moving lift line to ascend slowly a hill that they will quickly slide down. Or to careen down a narrow, bumpy trail in a blinding snowstorm, watching for the hidden icy spot that could send them crashing into a tree trunk. The explanation is simple. Skiing is a feast for all the senses. It promises exhilaration, fresh air and muscle-taxing exercise; an hour of downhill skiing can burn up as many as 500 calories. Gisa Wagner, 34, a New Yorker raised in Bavaria, echoes a thousand similar rhapsodies. "There is something incredibly sensuous about skiing. The feeling of your body speeding down a mountain is like a narcotic." Peter Seibert, chairman of the company that runs Colorado's Vail area (see box page 60), puts it this way: "Skiing is a total experience. You can be completely absorbed in what you are doing. You can take a problem onto the golf course with you, but you can't take it onto the slope. It's kind of cleansing."

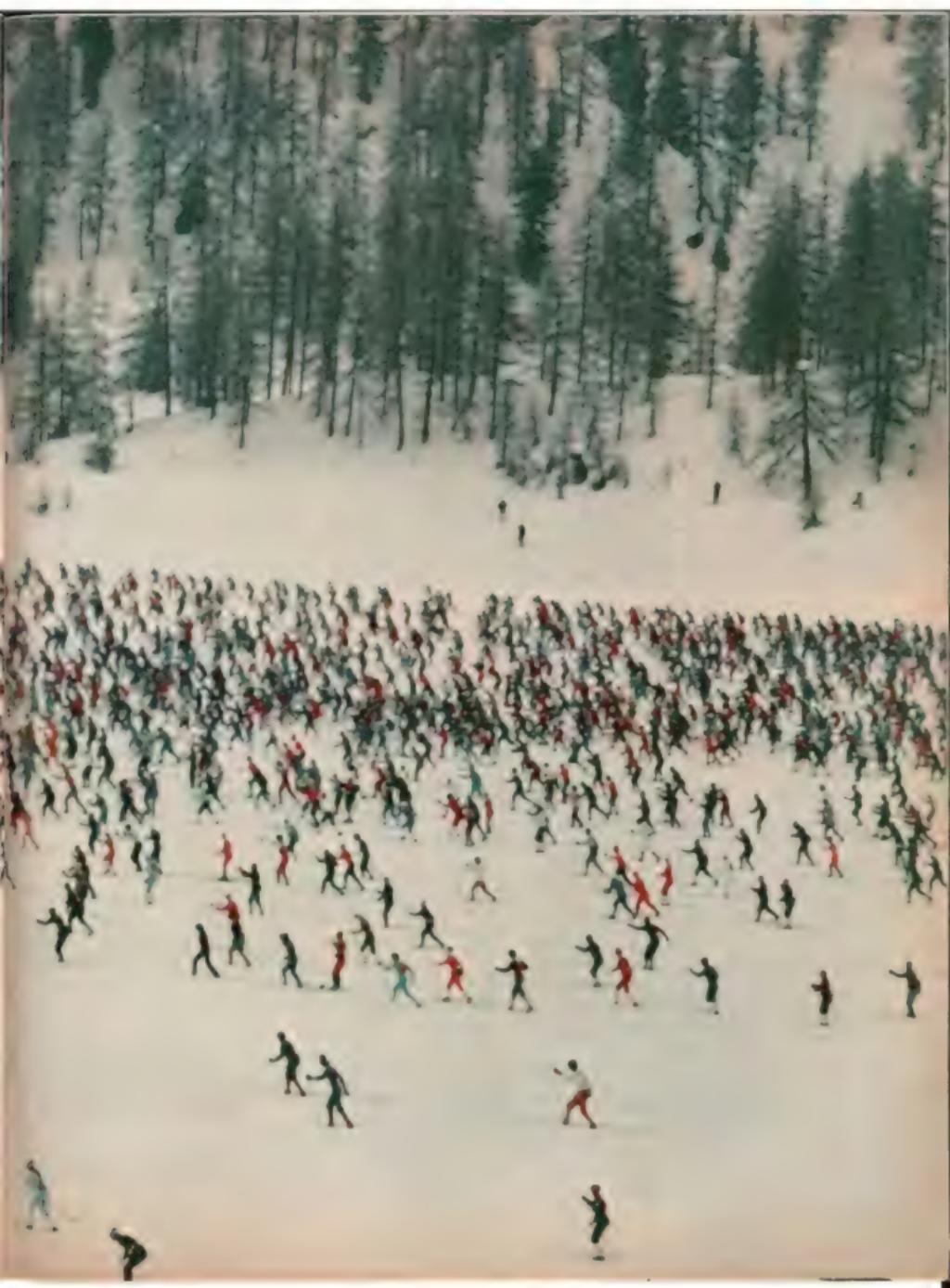
Skiing also offers membership in a cozy subculture that non-skiers sometimes have difficulty understanding. Initiates speak their own language, a conglomeration of English, German, French and jargon. A rather hyperbolic example—"I was wedeling this headwall loaded with bathtubs and decided to make a gelyand over a tree stump when I found myself in a mogul field. So I used my *avalement* and then tried

Slicing figure eights through the powder at Jackson Hole. Wyo. Far right: Kite-skiing over the Wasatch Mountains at Utah's Snowbird.



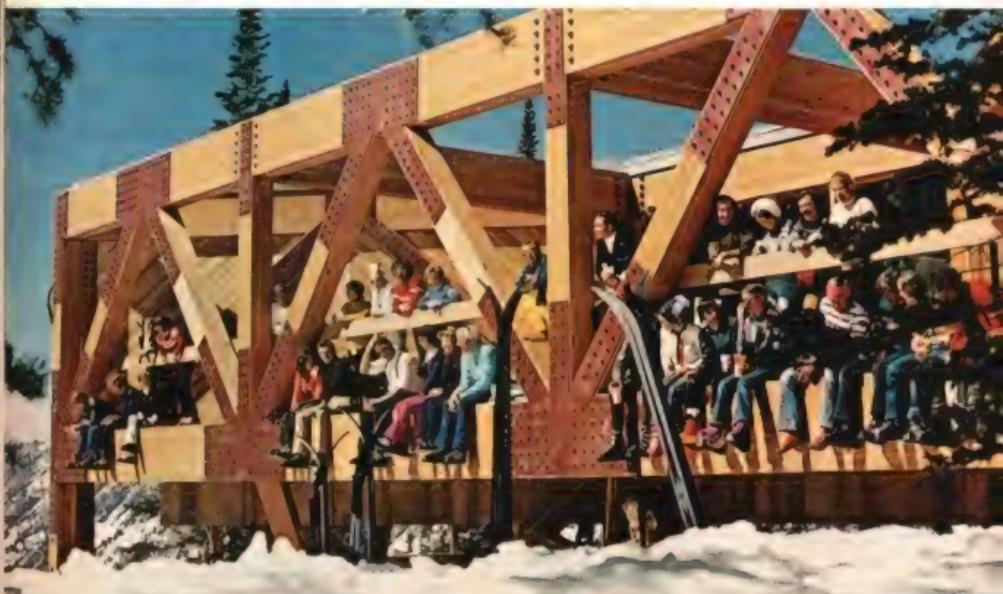


In Switzerland's Engadine Valley near St. Moritz, a swarm of skiers collect to push off on a cross-country marathon.





Whether by Snowbird's tram lift, Steamboat Springs' stagecoach or Bugaboos' chopper, getting there is half the fun.



A pause for lunch and a panoramic view of the Wasatch Mountains at Snowbird's futuristic cafeteria.

an old-fashioned *ruade*, but caught an edge, slipped out of my toe piece, heli-coptered down the fall line and wound up with a spiral in the tibia."* Besides, there is the legendary ambience of *après-ski*, which has become something of a hedonistic cliché but keeps attracting people with its roaring hearth fires and hot spiced wine in the lodges, its hard rock and casual flirtation in the bars. Still another lure: some skiers insist that ultraviolet rays from the sun, relatively unfiltered in the rarefied mountain air, have an aphrodisiac effect—an assertion that doctors deny.

The sport that has changed so many landscapes is itself undergoing a transformation. There are new methods of skiing, new types of instruction, new equipment and fashions, even new controversies over the effect of the sport on the environment. Here, for armchair skiers, weak-kneed novices and perhaps some schussboomers who want to read between the lift lines, TIME chronicles the latest developments:

Learning the Ropes on the Slopes: The Rise of Laissez-Faire

Nowadays, almost anyone can learn to ski, and many people in their 40s and 50s are taking it up. New teaching methods have made it much simpler. Most important of them is the Graduated Length Method. A G.L.M. student starts out on skis as short as 2 1/2 ft. and works up through increasingly longer ones as his skill improves. A beginner can do parallel turns after five hours of instruction, less than half the time required by older methods. At most areas where G.L.M. is taught, a skier can rent the graduated skis and buy five hours of lessons for less than \$50—about the same as regular lessons.

Most schools teach G.L.M., but some do not because it is expensive to stock skis in all those different lengths. As a compromise between price and proficiency, many areas are adopting the American Teaching Method. The A.T.M. skiers learn on a single pair of 5-ft. skis, about halfway between the shortest G.L.M. equipment and the 7-ft. skis that experts use.

No matter what the method, instructors are adopting a more laissez-faire approach, in which form takes a back seat, as it were, to control. Once they used to insist that a skier keep his feet as close together as possible; today many say he can have them as far apart as his hips. Advises Robert Gratton, director of the Mount Snow, Vt., ski school: "If something doesn't feel comfortable, don't do it."

*Translation: "I was making a series of close parallel turns along this steep incline full of depressions in the snow made by fallen skiers and decided to vault over a tree stump when I found myself in a field of large bumps, so I used my ability to absorb irregularities in the terrain by leaning back on my skis and trying to hold on by lifting the skis out of the snow and pivoting around their tips, but caught the edge of a ski on some ice, and my foot came out of my binding, and I tumbled head over heels straight down the hill and suffered a spiral fracture in one of the bones of the lower leg."

Dress Right: How to Look Like a Champ in Burgundy

Looking good is half the fun. "Even though a guy isn't a good athlete he can get all dressed up like one," says Ken Sinclair, vice president of Questor Corp., an equipment maker. "And once he is in the lodge, who knows the difference?" Guy Chirico, a lodge owner at Hunter Mountain, N.Y., observes: "You know what made the industry? Stretch pants. They cover up all the sins and hold it all together."

The clothing designers who act as taste arbiters have laid down a few fads for this season. Red, white and blue stars, which were so chic on many of last year's parkas and pants, are out. In their place the hills are alive with this year's color: burgundy. Also hot are matching pants-hat-and-jacket sets in zany prints dominated by purple. Among the fashion unconscious, particularly skiers under 25, Army fatigue jackets continue to be popular, but they are slowly losing ground to down-filled, fur-hooded Air Force parkas. For the young, faded Levis remain high-status legwear; not being waterproof, they advertise the wearer's confidence in his ability to stay on his feet. More sensible skiers give their jeans a once-over with Scotchguard to keep the water out.

One fashion to avoid is the "wet look." Popular on the slopes a couple of years ago, it is now banned in some European ski areas for safety's sake. The slick vinyl fabric offers too little resistance to slides when a skier falls. In Switzerland alone seven Europeans clad in wet-look outerwear have slid to their deaths over ledges and into crevasses.

Equipment: The Mysteries Of Buying the Best Boards

In a simpler age, a skier could equip himself handsomely for less than \$150, but today the average initial outlay for gear and clothing in the U.S. is closer to \$300. "This is the only sport in which your safety and pleasure depend 100% on your equipment," says Phil Clark, a Georgetown, Colo., manufacturers representative for ski gear and a part-time ski instructor. "If you have a lousy golf club, it only damages your ego, but it doesn't send you to the hospital."

Over the past decade the ski has gone through about as much technological change as the computer. Wood skis were superseded in the early 1960s by metal skis, which are now being replaced by lighter and more flexible fiber glass; in general, these flexible skis provide better control than stiff ones. Fiber-glass skis with wood cores predominated until they encountered competition from fiber-glass skis with plastic-foam cores, which are lighter and have superior "torque," or propensity to twist along the ski's axis.

A beginner should rent skis until he learns the sport fairly well. Then he will have a better idea of his needs. His first pair of store-bought skis should be about as long as he is tall. Once he has

mastered parallel turns, he can buy a pair that reaches six or eight inches over his head. Only experts should get anything longer than 200 cm. (6 ft. 7 in.), and intermediates should stay in the 170-to-195-cm. (5 ft. 7 in. to 6 ft. 5 in.) range, depending on their height and weight. Wooden skis are still the cheapest (approximate price range: \$25 to \$80), but they have a tendency to warp and may not last more than a season or two. Metal skis (about \$75 to \$200) are more durable, but they do not perform as well as fiber-glass skis (\$60 to \$250), which hold well on ice and turn quickly and easily.

Boot Fetishes and Binds That Tie

The wrong pair of skis might make skiing a bit more difficult, but ill-fitting boots could make it pure agony. Bootmakers have started a technological foot race. Most new boots have outer shells of plastic and innards of any number of soft, pliable materials. Then, for anywhere from \$70 to \$190, there are "foam injected" boots: the salesman pumps plastic foam from a dishwasher-size machine into each boot, and the foam stiffens around the foot for a close fit. In the Hanson boot, hot wax is injected instead of foam. Next month Head Ski Co. will start selling "air boots" (\$14 a pair), which have an air bladder that the wearer inflates with a hand pump every time he puts them on.

Foam, wax or air boots can be a needless extravagance for most Sunday-afternoon sliders. But they offer the only means for a skier with irregularly shaped feet to get a good fit—short of sending plaster casts to the Strohl boot factory in Lech, Austria. Families can pass foam boots down from child to child simply by buying new linings for about \$25 each time.

Actually, beginners can use anything that feels snug and offers plenty of ankle support, whether made of leather, plastic or solid gold. Only racers should buy racing boots; for other

HOT-DOGGER DOING A ROYAL CHRISTIE



STICKER HASTINGS

skiers they have too much forward lean and too high a back, and they could be dangerous. Billy Kidd, former Olympic and professional racing star, advises: "Whatever you buy, put the boots on and wear them around the store for 15 minutes or so to find out where the pressure points are and whether they wear off."

The most important piece of equipment for safety is the binding. A skier cannot spend too much money on it; bindings are cheap compared with bones. The bindings must be strong enough to hang on at high speeds but sensitive enough to release the skis the instant a skier takes a bad fall, so he will not break an ankle, or worse.

One of the most promising safety innovations in years is the Spademan binding. Designed by a California orthopedist, it prevents injury in slow, twisting falls that may not spring open many regular bindings. Instead of being attached at heel and toe, the Spademan fastens only beneath the arch of the foot. At ski areas where the Spademan is in experimental use, accidents have been cut by as much as 80%. Some area operators predict that their insurance companies may soon require Spademans on all rental skis.

Broken Bones of Contention

The new equipment has done much to keep people out of the hospital, but there are still some bone-cracking problems. With the spreading popularity of higher, more rigid boots, orthopedists report an increase in "boot top" fractures. These mishaps are more serious and take longer to mend than the more common ski injuries, a simple fracture of the anklebone or a low-level spiral fracture of the tibia and fibula.

Downhill skiing remains a dangerous sport. Dr. James Garrick, head of the division of sports medicine at the University of Washington, says that there were more than 105,000 skiing injuries reported in the U.S. last year, and probably twice as many that went unreported for reasons of pride. For a raw beginner, the chances of incurring an injury serious enough to need medical attention are about one in 100 every time he goes skiing. After a week of instruction, the figure drops to about one in 200. A study by the Canadian Ski Patrol showed that students have nearly three-quarters of all accidents; housewives account for only 11%. Younger skiers tend to push themselves beyond their capabilities. Dr. Seymour Epstein, psychologist at the University of Massachusetts, profiled the accident-prone skier: he is more daring, more boastful and more absent-minded on the slopes than off.

Hot-Dogging for Baroque Tastes

For advanced practitioners, a whole new style of baroque skiing has developed. Known as "free-style," "exhibition" or "hot-dog" skiing, the form emphasizes acrobatic stunts rather than

The Anatomy of a Ski Town

THE Ted Kennedys, the John Lindseys and the Charles Percys ski there. After a hard day on the slopes, the night life warms up in the 30 restaurants and bars, and skiers cluster over Swiss wine and superb antelope schnitzel at Gasthof Gramshammer, which is owned by a former Austrian ski champ. The younger set is likely to converge at Donovan's Copper Bar or the Nu Gnu or the Ore House, where the talk—and interest—seems to focus on skiing above all else, even sex. The newest favorite place is the Ichiban, a Japanese restaurant run by a sociologist, a dental hygienist and an architect—all of them people under 30 who left their careers and homes in Boston and Seattle in order to live close to the mountain. This is the scene at Vail, Colo., an instant alpine community that is the most successful winter resort built in the U.S. in the past decade.

As in any ski town, there are problems of extreme expansion and contraction. The population swells from 700 in summer to as many as 10,000 in winter. On weekends, Vail's eight policemen, normally preoccupied with nothing more serious than ski equipment thefts (the biggest crime category), struggle with monumental parking jams. There is also a shortage of moderate-income housing for Vail's 2,000 ski instructors, waiters and salespeople, many of whom live in a trailer camp a dozen miles away. The town manager, Terrell Minger, 30, cannot afford to buy a place in Vail on his \$21,000 salary.

The permanent, year-round residents, who hired Minger and run the town, are mostly conservative, family-oriented folk. They can afford to pay \$35,000 or more for condominiums. Houses in the golf-course area start at \$90,000, and Texas Oilman John Murdoch's glass-and-aspen vacation house is probably worth \$500,000. For years, anyone thought to be a hippie was not overly welcome, and longhairs found it difficult to get work and a pad. Youthful counterculturists discovered that Vail was not the best place to be a ski

bum, particularly after local police pulled some tough drug busts. When Minger showed up for the job wearing a mustache four years ago, some locals told him that he was unacceptable. Only lately has Vail Associates, which runs the ski area, dropped its rule that bearded residents could not get special-rate local lift tickets.

The town's greatest problem has been gaining a sense of identity. Says Minger: "We are a teen-ager as a community. Vail started out as sort of a country club and became a company town. Now we are finally moving toward something that resembles a community. We are no longer just a product, and we are not plastic either. Real people live here, and sometimes there is dog dirt in the streets and there are kids going to school." What the community needs most, he suggests, is something beyond skiing and summer leisure, perhaps an "industry of the mind" or a center for the performing arts. As a start, the University of Colorado has begun to hold workshops on urban design and new towns at Vail.

Vail rises in a valley below the jagged Gore Range, and 15 years ago the area was nearly as empty as when the Utes roamed it in the days before the white man. It was developed by Peter Seibert, 48, a well-muscled, jovial man, who has dreamed of building a ski town ever since he was a boy in Bartlett, N.H.

In World War II, Seibert joined the 10th Mountain Division, which trained at Camp Hale, 20 miles away from what is now Vail. Fighting in the Italian Apennines, Sergeant Seibert was wounded three times in three days. He lost a knee-cap, and doctors said that he would

DOWNSHILL RACING ON THE GOLD PEAK



dowhill speed. Hot-doggers build up repertoires of twists, turns, spins and somersaults. Four Utah ski resorts will sponsor hot-dog exhibitions this season. Last winter 110 hot-doggers got together at Waterville Valley, N.H., for the second annual Eastern Regional Exhibition Skiing Championship. The winner toolled off in a new Chevrolet.

At the other end of the spectrum, more and more skiers are switching to cross-country, also known as ski-touring. The participant simply strikes out through forest and farmland as he pleases. With the proper waxes, cross-country skis can be made to stick to snow.

never ski again. But in two years, after extensive surgery, he was on the slopes at Aspen as a member of the ski patrol. Later he taught skiing, raced, worked as a logger and studied three years on the G.I. Bill at Lausanne's Ecole Hôtelière. All the time he yearned to find the "perfect" mountain for his resort.

He looked for likely peaks on Colorado maps, then inspected them on foot or horseback. In 1957, a former uranium prospector led him to Vail Mountain, and he knew that he had found his spot—the proper moisture and altitude (an 11,250-ft. peak rising from an 8,200-ft. valley), a wide variety of slopes for beginners, intermediates and experts. With three friends, he quickly bought 500 acres at the bottom of the mountain for \$55,000.

To raise more capital, the partners approached 20 wealthy people, asking for investments of \$5,000 each. John Murchison signed up, and others quickly followed. With their money as a base, Seibert then sold limited partnerships for \$10,000 each to another 100 people. Each of the initial investors got limited partnership shares in the enterprise that became Vail Associates, as well as four lifetime lift passes and a half-acre lot. The lot had to be built on immediately. "That was an ingenious idea," recalls Texas Financier Dick Bass, one of the early investors. "The obligation of shareholders to build on their property gave Vail a lot more houses much sooner than other ski developments." By late 1961, Seibert and friends had \$1,500,000, including \$500,000 in loans from the First National Bank of Denver and the Small Business Administration. They were ready to build.

Seibert marked off the trails himself. One of the first and most exacting he called Riva Ridge, after a battle that

the 10th Mountain had fought in Italy. Three days before the scheduled opening of Vail in December 1962, two lodges, a restaurant and a couple of stores waited for customers, but there was no snow. Seibert hired an Indian snow dancer and lo, it snowed. In later years, whenever there was little snow, he fired old railway flares packed with silver iodide into the clouds to seed them. "My three kids thought I was crazy," says Seibert, "but when it's not snowing you do almost anything."

There was a brisk demand for land, condominiums and store space. Vail Associates limited businesses to a few of each kind and imposed architectural controls on builders. Sensitive to the ecology, the company helped form a sanitation district and took other environmental-protection steps that have since won praise from federal officials. Residents raised money for a twelve-bed clinic, where four doctors treat 15 to 20 skiers on a busy day. Some commercial property, bought for just over \$100 an acre in 1957, rose to nearly \$300,000 this year. An original investor who put up \$5,000 now has land and stock worth about \$82,000.

When Vail Associates grew so big that it could no longer be run by Seibert alone, he moved up from president to chairman. As the new president, the company recruited Richard L. Peterson, a Harvard M.B.A., now 37. The two men also brought in several other business-school grads, giving Vail professional management. Last year the company grossed \$6,700,000 from lifts, ski school, restaurants and land sales, and earned \$812,100 after taxes. Expanding, it recently spent \$4,600,000 for 2,200 acres at Beaver Creek, seven miles from the main development; the area is scheduled to open in 1975.

Seibert himself owns Vail stock worth more than \$600,000. But, he insists: "Money is really not my thing. More important, I'm right where I have wanted to be since I was a kid. Driving at night sometimes, I come round that turn at the end of the valley—and suddenly I see all the lights. Then it comes back to me that there was nothing here not all that long ago."

and allow a skier to climb hills fairly fast and easily. Cross-country is much cheaper than downhill skiing: the soft boots and long, thin skis can cost less than \$50, and there are no lift fees. The sport is easy to learn; a day's instruction will make a proficient ski-tourer.

No Business Like Snow Business: The Computerized Tram

Commercially, skiing is being transformed from a folksy, country-store business into a serious and well-financed industry. In the past, an enterprising farmer or a ski bum whose legs were growing old would dip into his savings

and put up a rope tow on a nearby hill. Today large corporations are cashing in on snow business. Ralston Purina has bought a 62% interest in Keystone, Colo. Subsidiaries of LTV, the conglomerate, own the land, lodges and lifts at Steamboat Springs, Colo. Abroad, some of the world's most famous wealth—that of the Aga Khan, the French Rothschilds, Greek Shipping Magnate Stavros Niarchos—is invested in ski resorts.

A new class of ski entrepreneurs, who combine a love of the sport with hardheaded managerial techniques, is rising. Backed by banks or syndicates of investors and aided by business-school-trained executives, they are building whole new ski towns. Eighty miles west of Denver, for example, Charles D. "Chuck" Lewis opened the Copper Mountain area last month. Lewis, a one-time Vail executive, first got a land-use permit from the U.S. Forest Service, which controls most of the mountains in the West, and issues permits for a percentage of the area's gross receipts or fixed assets. Then he raised \$5,000,000 from a Denver real estate developer and the United Bank of Denver, which finances more than half of all ski-area development in Colorado. Typically, Lewis' executives are specialists; the construction manager has several engineering degrees, the mountain manager has an M.A. in agricultural engineering, and the assistant lift superintendent has a degree in recreation. "Ski resorts are becoming refined, structured businesses," says Lewis. "They can't be run by the seat of one's pants any more."

They cannot be run for quick profit, either. Ted Johnson, one-time manager of a ski lodge at Alta, Utah, last year opened Snowbird not many miles away. Johnson and his principal backer, Texas Oilman Dick Bass, have dumped \$17 million into Snowbird, including \$2,250,000 for a Swiss-built aerial tram that carries 125 people at a time up an 11,000-ft. incline the main peak. The tram, most capacious of its kind in the world, is started and stopped by a computer. Johnson and Bass do not expect to be in the black for another ten years.

Economics: The Ecstasy And the Agony

Operating a winter resort can be as tricky as schussing blindfolded. "Two or three years ago people were saying that there was white gold in those hills," says Baron Edmond Rothschild, who owns part of France's Megève resort. "Well, there isn't any to be found. The trouble with skiing is that the season is too short." In the West, the season often lasts only from Thanksgiving to late April, about 150 days. In milder climates the business is even more precarious. Tennessee's Viking Mountain area folded last year after trying to survive on a 50-day season. Everywhere, snowfall can vary capriciously from one

OVERLOOKING THE VILLAGE OF VAIL



MODERN LIVING

year to the next. Many of Vermont's major ski areas skirted bankruptcy in 1964-65, when the snowfall was only 14 inches instead of the usual 42 plus. Snowmaking equipment can help. At many areas, when temperatures drop below 32°, snow guns shoot pressurized water over the slopes in droplets that crystallize before they hit the ground. Skiing on artificial snow is like skiing on icy pebbles, but at least it is skiing.

Owners of ski lifts and lodges do not have to pay lofty wages (except to high executives) because they can offer employees free skiing and sometimes free room and board. Still, they have payrolls the size of small telephone books—and for every job there are ten eager applicants, many of them temporary college dropouts looking for a fling on the slopes. The average pretax prof-

it margin for the nation's ski areas last year was about 4% on revenues, or less than their owners would enjoy if they put their money in savings accounts. Some ski operators figure that they will never make a fortune. Says Ernie Blake, chairman of New Mexico's Taos Ski Valley: "Fortunately, I am blessed with stockholders who are more interested in maintaining the enjoyable atmosphere we have here than in making money."

Ecology: This Land Is Whose Land?

To zealous environmentalists, ski-area developers have become abominable snowmen. Those beautiful patterns of milk-white ski runs cut into the side of a mountain seem to be networks of disfiguring scars in the view of some critics. Increasingly, they charge that ski

developments cause soil erosion, leak sewage into rivers and streams and lead to the rise of tacky pizza parlors, motels and gas stations. Colorado conservationists recently played a major part in the successful campaign to ban the 1976 Winter Olympics from the state. The California Supreme Court earlier this year slowed construction of high-rise ski condominiums in the southern Sierras. Bavarian officials have squelched a plan to open for skiing the 8,901-ft. Watzmann Mountain near Berchtesgaden. Hitler's mountaintop retreat.

One of the most resolute steps against developers has been taken in Vermont, where the legislature has adopted stringent measures requiring that all ski-area construction be approved by state planners and that de-

The World's Greatest Ski Areas

WHEN it comes to picking areas, some skiers opt for the challenging, while others choose the chic. Lovers of the exotic may insist that Morocco's Atlas Mountains, home of the ruggedly independent Berber tribes, offer the best schussing. Cross-country buffs are likely to feel that mushing through Norway's Jotunheim (Giant's Home) region is nearest to nirvana.

The U.S. has some of the world's best skiing. "Powder" snow, the best of all, is often hip-deep in Colorado, Wyoming, Idaho and Utah. The snow is more granular and less plentiful in the East, where the air is wetter and the mountains smaller than in the West. Eastern slopes are also icier and thus harder to negotiate. Yet skiers who practice on this Eastern "boiler plate" learn of necessity to dig their ski edges deeper into the hill and tend to have better control. The quality of the snow at most European resorts lies somewhere in between the West's powder and the East's iciness. European ski areas are generally 5° to 10° warmer in winter than those in New England.

Air fare to the ski areas varies widely. For example, Chicago to Denver is \$115 round trip; the fare from Chicago to Burlington, Vt., is \$138. These

costs may drop drastically next year if the Federal Aviation Administration approves United Air Lines' plan to halve the price of tickets bought 90 days in advance. Air fare forms a major part of the cost of any European trip. A wintertime flight from New York to Zurich or Geneva is \$238 round trip; charter flights can be considerably less.

Any listing of the greatest ski areas is both arbitrary and incomplete. But certain areas must be included in any compilation because they offer unsurpassed skiing or high-style *après-ski* atmosphere or low-cost accessibility—or all of that. Among them:

THE U.S.

► **STOWE, VT.** Though Mount Mansfield (4,393 ft.) is only a foothill by Alpine or Rocky Mountain standards, it offers what many consider the finest skiing in the East. Novices can stem their way along the four-mile-long Toll Road; experts can plummet down the narrow, twisting chutes of the National or the Goat. Everyone can enjoy the eclectic night life, which runs from fiery rock to folk singing, in the restaurants and hotels of the compact, bustling village. The average cost of a week's vacation, including meals, mod-

erately priced sleeping accommodations" and lift tickets, but not transportation, is around \$250.

► **SUN VALLEY, IDAHO.** The dowager queen of American ski areas, the valley has been rejuvenated in recent years. New lifts have doubled the area's uphill capacity and largely eliminated lines; new trails on Baldy's north side have given skiers a place to go when the sun turns the south slope to mashed potatoes. The Lodge, built in 1936, still offers European-type elegance to a wealthy clientele, but new condominiums and medium-priced restaurants are attracting more middle-income families. Cost for a week: \$275.

► **ASPEN, COLO.** Two hundred tricky miles west of Denver, Aspen—the world's largest ski resort—has four mountains. Buttermilk (9,720 ft.) caters to novices; Snowmass (10,645) and Aspen Highlands (11,665) are for intermediates. Aspen Mountain (11,212) is for experts. Aspen is a skier's town. People who patronize the area are more likely to spend their money on equipment than on clothing; they ski well and party hard. Long hair and gunfighter's mustaches are *de rigueur* among the younger men in the old mining town. A week: around \$225.

► **VAIL, COLO.** Though it lacks the patina of a European resort, Vail, with its well-planned village, is a complete ski area: fine runs, restaurants, rooms. Compared with Aspen, Vail is newer and richer; skiers are generally older and more clothes-conscious; parties are more luxurious but more subdued. A week: about \$200.

CANADA

► **MONT TREMBLANT, QUEBEC.** Seventy miles north of Montreal, Mont Tremblant makes up in variety what it lacks in size (3,150 ft.). It has some 60 miles of trails, topflight bilingual instructors and hotels that serve food that would

*All other area prices are also for middle-range accommodations.

SPRING SKIING AT CHAMONIX

LIFT LINE AT MONT TREMBLANT



velopers submit environmental-impact studies. As a result, the Stratton Corp. must spend \$500,000 this year—three times as much as its profits—to build a sewage-treatment plant. Officials of the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency say that ski resorts do no serious ecological damage, provided that trails are sensibly designed to follow the natural contours of the mountain, that the proper grasses are planted on ski trails to prevent soil runoff during spring thaws, and that sewage is well disposed of.

Ski-area operators themselves are becoming the most avid environmentalists—especially when it comes to forbidding new (and competing) developments. Some local and state government officials are also beginning to object to the idea of being “developed” by outsiders. Maine Governor Kenneth Cur-

ris is cool to the offer of John Marden, a Boston real estate man, to turn Bigelow Mountain into what Marden calls “the Aspen of the Northeast”—even though he says that it would pump \$100 million a year into the state’s economy. Curtis may be wise to refuse. Ski developments undoubtedly put cash into some local pockets. But the Vermont Public Interest Research Group’s economic study of Warren, Vt., which is near three major ski areas (Sugarbush, Glen Ellen and Mad River Glen), showed that 88% of all the full-time jobs created by the industry went to people who moved in after the ski boom began. Overall, 83% of the town’s businesses are now owned by such outsiders.

The cool chiefs of the ski business occasionally wonder if the downhill sport can continue to grow at its pres-

ent pace. Many people go skiing to get away from crowds, noise and pollution; they may lose their enthusiasm if those problems follow them to the trails. In New England, some ski resorts have become so mobbed that operators limit the sale of lift tickets on busy days. But the opening of new ski areas and the tightening of environmental controls are likely to keep the skiers happy. All they need is the pinch of cold, clean air in the nostrils, the exquisite balance of terror and confident control, the sense of accomplishment after a drooping, swooping, heart-plucking rush. As two characters in Ernest Hemingway’s story, *Cross Country Snow*, sum it up:

“There’s really nothing can touch skiing, is there? The way it feels when you first drop off on a long run.”

“Huh, it’s too swell to talk about.”

do credit to a Lyon chef. Blood-congealing temperatures are common, but Tremblant’s well-planned runs and lively atmosphere make it popular with families that appreciate package-price elegance. A week’s stay, including full board and lessons: about \$150.

► **THE BUGABOOS** In the wilder reaches of British Columbia, the two dozen peaks of the Bugaboo range are unique. No lifts climb the glaciers and forested hillsides. Helicopters airlift skiers to the mountaintops, and guides lead visitors down through deep powder. Good legs and advanced technique are essential; so is a fat bank account. A week, including helicopter lifts, runs about \$700.

EUROPE

► **DER WEISSE RING, AUSTRIA.** The White Ring is a complex of four villages (Lech, Zürs, St. Anton and St. Christoph) linked by lifts. Besides visiting all four, serious skiers can sample everything from the vertiginous Kandahar run to the gentle lower Kriegerhorn, plus liberal helpings of *Gemütlichkeit*. Dances get under way in larger hotels at 5 p.m. A week’s stay: around \$165.

► **KITZBÜHEL, AUSTRIA.** “Kitz” is like Miami Beach with snow, a crowded commercial resort that draws both the packaged-tour trade and the famous. Crown Prince Carl Gustaf of Sweden skis here, as do Jet-Setters Günter Sachs and Arndt von Böhnen und Halbäck, the Krupp heir. Visitors who want to try to ski the multifaceted Hahnenkamm or merely stare at celebrities can get a week’s vacation for about \$150.

► **CHAMONIX, FRANCE.** In the shadow of Mont Blanc, Chamonix is one of the largest resorts; some 40,000 skiers pass through each year. The range of accommodations is also vast (110 hotels and three times as many restaurants). The steep, challenging slopes are almost always jammed, and skiers must often wait, not only to get up to the top but



READYING FOR A RACE AT STOWE



THE APRÈS SCENE AT KITZBÜHEL

also to begin their descents. One week: a bargain at \$120.

► **CORTINA D’AMPEZZO, ITALY.** A great conch-shaped valley surrounded by rosy Dolomite peaks that rise as sheerly as church spires, Cortina is one of the most beautiful ski areas. Site of the 1956 Winter Olympics, it has a confusing abundance of trails, lifts to any surface capable of holding snow, fine shops and restaurants and an Italian brio that keeps the rich, the famous and the fabled returning. Cost for a week: \$200.

► **ST. MORITZ, SWITZERLAND.** The world’s most famous winter sports center, St. Moritz is a mecca for celebrity watchers interested in spotting, say, the Shah of Iran or Stavros Niarchos. It is also a happy hunting ground for ski instructors seeking to teach Continental techniques to English wives who stay on after their husbands return to the job. A week: about \$150.

► **KLOSTERS-DAVOS, SWITZERLAND.** In these two smug, almost bourgeois towns, there is much night life but more skiing. Davos is described in Thomas Mann’s novel *The Magic Mountain* as the starting point for one of the world’s most enjoyable ski runs—the eleven-mile Parsenn, which ends up near Klo-

ers. From there, skiers can take connecting lifts, return rubber-kneed to Davos by nightfall. A week: about \$170.

THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE

► **PORTILLO, CHILE.** Two hours by car from Santiago, Portillo is deeply covered with fine powder from early July to late September. Most of its Andean runs are intermediate, but two are in the hair-raising class. U.S. Skier Dick Dorworth hit 103 m.p.h. down one of them in 1963. Portillo has only one hotel and limited night life, but few skiers complain. A two-week trip (all that can be booked) costs \$880, including air fare from Chicago.

► **MOUNT COOK, NEW ZEALAND.** Located on the country’s alpine South Island, Mount Cook is ideal for American summer-skiers who want to avoid mobs. Airplanes carry expert skiers and their guides 7,000 ft. up on the Tasman Glacier, one of the world’s largest, pick them up at the bottom of a breathtaking eleven-mile run. The exhilaration is expensive. The ski lift costs \$1.5 per person, and skiers who have to make their reservations at least six months in advance, must spend about \$700 just to get to New Zealand from the U.S.

This program is so beautiful, it has to die.

**"Please, folks, don't
let this one die."**

THE PITTSBURGH PRESS

**"What will happen is
that The Waltons will
receive rave reviews,
be embraced by a
small, but enthusiastic
audience, collect a
number of awards
— and vanish from the
air with hardly a
ripple."**

DALLAS TIMES HERALD

**"The only entirely
honest and rewarding
hour I have spent on
television this season."**

SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

**"When these kids
run down the dirt road
in their bare feet,
you can feel the dirt
between your own toes."**

THE PITTSBURGH PRESS

**"The show is so
natural, so totally
out of the TV mode,
you have to worry
about its survival."**

CHICAGO TODAY

That was, as you will see, the strange verdict pronounced by many television critics about a new series, "The Waltons."

The audience reaction has been unusual, too. Little children get all smiley and weepy about it, the way they do for things like *My Friend Flicka*, *Little Women*, and the *Cookie Monster* stubbing his toe.

But from there on up in age and sophistication, overt emotions disappear. To be replaced by little smiles of recognition. An occasional gulp. Red eyes.

And in grown men, funny little sounds and fumbling in the dark, designed to hide the fact that a man is doing something as "unmanly" as being moved by a tender, sentimental story.

We'd like to tell you what "The Waltons" is all about, but it won't be easy. Because everything we tell you can turn you off, if you relate it to similar programs with similar themes.

"The Waltons" is different. Not because it isn't violent and it isn't "with it" and it isn't cutesy. All of which it isn't. But because it's an honest attempt to portray a particular kind of American family during a particular time in history.

The Waltons are a large family. Seven children, the eldest eighteen, the youngest six. A mother and father. Grandmother and grandfather. Even a dog. Not a heroic Lassie dog. Not a funny, mangy dog. A dog dog.

And it's about the 1930's. Depression days. In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia. The family is poor. One of the kids plays the harmonica. And it's all about how they all face life.

And that's what makes the Waltons special. *The kind of life they face.*

It has the feel of truth. The look, the texture. You can believe that there were people like this who led lives like this during times like these.

You can believe that maybe this was really how it was to grow up in tough country during tough times. How it really was to be part of a big, loving family.

It's about people who love each other, and love others. About people who care for their aged as well as their young.

And it's funny, because it's about a sprawling family of bright, vital individualists

But it isn't puppy-cute. Or pat. And each program doesn't tightly package a moral, like a fortune cookie.

Though there is a moral, overall. Life can be tough. It can also be beautiful. Not easy. Beautiful.

"The Waltons" is on Thursdays.* Opposite that funny man, Flip Wilson. And the exciting action show, "The Mod Squad."

It will remain alive until the end of this season, because some people here at CBS believe that there are enough of us around—even in this super-sophisticated day and age—who can still respond to some old-fashioned notions like respect, and dignity, and love. Who aren't embarrassed by an honest lump in the throat.

And if there are enough of us, "The Waltons" may even fool the critics and live next year.

Watch "The Waltons" this Thursday night, for a change. It may bring out the best in you.

It did in us.



Save "The Waltons"

*This program appears on other days in some areas. Please check local listings.

“...a family in which real people, talk to one another... there's respect here, and affection openly displayed, and both young and old have their own dignity.”

THE NEW YORK TIMES

“It's easy to get wrapped up with The Waltons. They happen to be real.”

NEW YORK POST

“Quite wonderful in every respect — exciting in its conjuring up of a more innocent day, poignant in its relationships, a perfect gem of a tale.”

THE BOSTON GLOBE

“Probably will compare with the few great ones of television history.”

THE DETROIT NEWS

“Breaks all the rules. Except one. It's entertaining.”

CHICAGO TRIBUNE

“Might be the best show commercial television has produced in years.”

DAYTON DAILY NEWS

CONTROLS

Phase III Shapes Up

ONE of the larger inconsistencies of Richard Nixon's decision to clamp wage and price controls on the U.S. economy 16 months ago was that he had originally opposed the legislation that authorized his move. Last week, in a step that brings the turn-around full circle, Administration officials announced that they will ask Congress for an extension of the law, which gives the President sweeping powers to "issue such orders and regulations as he may deem appropriate to stabilize prices, rents, wages and salaries," before it expires April 30. Nixon evidently plans to do some reshaping of the anti-inflation program at the same time, though he has not yet decided how much. But Economic Coordinator George Shultz made one thing perfectly clear: any continued controls will not be put on a totally voluntary basis. Phase III, Shultz promised, will have "a mandatory element in it."

Nixon and most of his advisers would clearly like to streamline their creation, perhaps by exempting medium-sized businesses or by removing controls from retailers, landlords and others at the end of the selling line. Theoretically, such people are forced to set prices that meet the competition. The President is well aware, however, that 1973 will be packed with labor negotiations—contracts covering at least 4.7 million workers come up for review or renewal, only 2.8 million this year. "If the program isn't there at the retail level, it isn't there at all, as far as ordinary people are concerned," says one Washington official. "That's their contact with it." Except, of course, for their paychecks—and the President may have to retain much of the complex price apparatus in order to put continuing pressure on unions to moderate their pay demands.

Upsurge. For their part, businessmen are urging the Administration to change or chuck out the profit-margin test, which disallows price increases to firms that are making a bigger rate of return on their sales than during a base period. In the present economic upsurge, quite a few big companies are hitting their profit-margin ceiling. Arthur Okun, a member of TIME's Board of Economists and a Democrat, agrees that the test "is counterproductive as far as efficiency is concerned." Overly profitable firms can always lower their earnings through heavy spending. Some economists, notably Federal Reserve Chairman Arthur Burns, would also like to trim the present wage guideline of 5.5%, but the Administration recogniz-

es that it would have great difficulty keeping price increases low enough to make such a move equitable.

Though almost everyone has ideas on how to make the system fairer, the vast majority of businessmen, labor leaders and politicians are clearly in favor of retaining controls in some form as a weapon against inflation. During the first eleven months of Phase II, the consumer price index rose 3.5%. That is higher than the 2% to 3% inflation



ECONOMIC COORDINATOR SHULTZ
A mandatory element.

rate that the President has specified as his goal, but a bit below the 3.8% pace at which prices were rising in the months before the August 1971 freeze. Wage settlements also are running higher than the guideline, but not much. Neither moderation is solely the result of economic controls; an expanding economy normally produces efficiencies that chip away at inflation and thus keep workers from demanding sharply higher wages. But most economists, including a majority on TIME's board, give Phase II credit for some of the progress.

Where Phase II has failed, and failed badly, is in containing food prices. They were left uncontrolled on the farm level partly because of the practical problems of policing them. Officials also feared that agricultural controls would cause shortages—and a farmer revolt at the polls. Unhappily, for a variety of political as well as economic reasons, the Government's broadest gauge of farm

prices soared 22.5% in the twelve-month period ending last September, only 3.3% in the previous year; prices seem to be headed even higher now (see story, next page). Shultz rather meekly admitted that "in the area of food prices we have had a very difficult experience and we obviously have to think hard about that" in Phase III. Shultz remains convinced that direct controls might discourage some crop production, and thus are not the answer. But Herbert Stein, chairman of Nixon's Council of Economic Advisers, recently provided a hint of Administration thinking by suggesting that farmers take a "lower-priced route," along which they presumably would be encouraged under federal acreage-allotment programs to grow more and sell cheaper.

The shape of Phase III will also depend on how close the President comes to meeting his federal budget goal of \$250 billion in the current fiscal year. Administration economists apparently believe that if federal spending can be held to that sum, then one major source of inflation will have been effectively curbed, and the controls program can safely become looser. Shultz kept the economy drive in high gear last week by announcing a temporary hiring freeze in the Executive Branch and a decision to stop any pay raises for Congressmen, Cabinet officers and federal judges throughout next year.

ENERGY

The Frigid Nightmare

Americans have been warned since 1970 to expect serious winter fuel shortages, but in the past two years relatively mild weather enabled the nation to stretch its thin energy supplies far enough to cover nearly all heating needs. This year, as many areas shiver into the beginning of what meteorologists forecast will be a long hard winter, the nightmare of cold furnaces is becoming real. Although most homes probably will be well heated, the shortage could disrupt the economy by forcing some factories, stores and offices to close.

The iciest pinch is likely to be felt in such Midwest states as Indiana and Nebraska, Iowa, which has been struggling through temperatures as low as zero in recent weeks, is already facing an emergency. Two weeks ago, scarcities of natural gas, the region's most commonly used fuel, forced suppliers to stop servicing customers who have "interruptible" contracts. Generally, these are factories and other businesses which are capable of converting to oil or propane. Because of the dearth of refineries in the Midwest, oil is scarcer in Iowa than in other parts of the coun-



MOWER ASSEMBLY LINE AT AMF WESTERN TOOL DIVISION SHUT DOWN BY FUEL SHORTAGE
Dwindling gas supplies, the forecast of a long winter—and cold furnaces.

try, and what reserves are available are being drained quickly.

Last week Des Moines' biggest supplier, MacMillan Oil Co., shut off deliveries to more than 50 major customers, including businesses, colleges and apartment houses, all of which will have to find new fuel sources or go cold. Wolf's Department Store, the Polk County Jail and St. John's Catholic Church and grade school are all running low. Father John Dorton worries that "you can't have kids in class freezing." For want of fuel, some firms like AMF Western Tool Division (which turns out lawnmowers and such winter products as snowplows) and Can Tex (which manufactures brick, tile and sewer pipe at plants in Ottumwa, Redfield and Mason City) have had to stop production altogether or cancel night shifts. Governor Robert Ray has asked the University of Iowa and all large businesses in the state to switch back to burning highly polluting No. 5 or No. 6 fuel oil in order to stretch supplies of low-polluting No. 2 oil needed to heat Iowa homes. Coal, the dirtiest heating source, is plentiful in the Midwest, but most homes and houses have shifted to cleaner fuels and are not equipped to burn it.

About 60% of Iowa's heating fuel is supplied by independent companies which have traditionally bought whatever emergency stores they needed from big national firms. This year major companies like American, Standard-Indiana and Gulf Oil say that they cannot sell fuel to smaller concerns because they need all their reserves to supply their own customers. Democratic Congressman Neal Smith of Iowa charges that the giants are trying to freeze out the small firms, and has called on the Justice Department to investigate possible breaches of antitrust laws.

Prospects for winter warmth are somewhat better in the rest of the nation. Although pipeline companies are curtailing gas deliveries to factories and utilities from New York to California, most areas outside the Midwest have enough oil to keep furnaces glowing, at least for the present. But there is every reason to believe that the U.S. power

shortage will get considerably worse before it gets better.

Natural gas, which now provides a third of the nation's energy requirement, has gained enormous popularity because it is cheap (federal regulations hold the wellhead price to a low 20¢ per 1,000 cu. ft.) and clean. But producers claim that inflation and the fact that large remaining reserves are deep underground make exploration and production increasingly costly. Last year only 15 trillion cu. ft. of new gas was found, while U.S. consumption hit 22 trillion cu. ft. Supplies of No. 2 oil also are becoming tight in places outside Iowa. One reason: refineries last summer held down production of heating oil in favor of gasoline, which is more profitable.

The Nixon Administration is formulating a national energy policy which might result in increased imports of oil and liquid natural gas from the Middle East and Soviet Union. Even so, the cost of heating a home, factory or office seems sure to rise sharply in coming years. Last week the National Petroleum Council, an advisory group appointed by the Department of the Interior, estimated that if adequate exploration and production are to be encouraged, the wellhead price of U.S. oil will have to rise as much as 125% in the next twelve years. The price of natural gas may have to shoot up 250%.

COMMODITIES

Costly Rains

If current activity on the Chicago Board of Trade, the world's largest commodity exchange, is a reliable indicator of future food prices, housewives might have to spend more at the grocery store next year for such basic items as bread, flour and meat. Grain dealers and agribusiness giants such as Ralston Purina and Quaker Oats sell and buy future contracts on the exchange—and each transaction really amounts to a bet on what commodities will actually sell for in one to nine months. Since November, the 124-year-old exchange's

volume record and many of its price records have been broken as frantic traders have bid up many farm products. Early this year, for example, wheat was selling for around \$1.48 a bushel for deliveries in March, but traders are now agreeing to pay \$2.69 a bushel. Such sky-high prices will push the value of all commodities traded on the exchange this year to an estimated \$120 billion, a 36% increase over last year's record of \$88 billion.

Traders on La Salle Street expect a shortage of many crops, and with good reason: demand for U.S. grains is increasing faster than farmers can harvest their fields. In July the U.S. made a billion-dollar deal to supply Russia with wheat and other crops. Then China bought wheat from the U.S.; now India needs wheat to avert a potential famine. The U.S. Department of Agriculture anticipated bumper crops this year—but then the rains came. Since September, the beginning of the Midwest's harvest season, unprecedentedly heavy rains and freezing temperatures have repeatedly mired farmers' machinery in axle-deep mud. "Parts of Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio look like lakes," moans Owen Nichols, chairman of the Board of Trade, who recently inspected Midwest grain fields. As much as 25% of some crops must still be harvested. A few farmers in Missouri have bought mules to take over from their tractors in an effort to hand harvest the rest of their crops. The frenzied trading and rising prices in the Chicago "pits" add to the problems of Nixon's economic planners. They have sternly resisted the idea of putting raw agricultural prices under control, but they know too well that food costs are the weakest point of the Phase II program.

FARMER CHECKING DAMAGE TO CORN



DEFENSE CONTRACTORS

Grumman v. the Navy

In recent years the scenario involved in developing new weapons has almost always followed the inevitable course of a Greek tragedy: the contractor signs with the Defense Department to do the work; then he runs into cost problems and manages to renegotiate the contract at a higher price. The Pentagon's budget sufferers. Lately an angry audience of Congressmen, fed up with the repetitive drama, has been clamoring for the Pentagon to get tougher with defense contractors. Last week Grumman Corp. of Bethpage, Long Island, talked tough in return as it argued the basic question of who pays for cost overruns: the contractor or the taxpayers? The company risked a court fight by flatly refusing to fulfill a contract unless it gets more money.

Grumman's action was prompted by the Navy's decision to exercise its option to order 48 more F-14 Tomcat fighter-bombers at a cost of \$16.8 million each. Within hours, the company announced that it would not deliver the planes at that price. The terms of its contract, said Grumman, were legally unenforceable. Grumman took its case to the public in full-page ads in the *New York Times*, *Wall Street Journal* and *Washington Post*. The company, which has contracted to build as many as 313 Tomcats, said that it has already lost \$1,000,000 each on the first 86 planes that it is producing (22 have been completed and tested, though none are yet with the fleet). Building 48 more planes

at contract prices, Grumman officials claimed, would cause the company to lose another \$105 million, a cost that would threaten its survival.

Defense Department lawyers refuse to say whether they will go to court, but the Navy has indicated that it simply does not believe Grumman will go bankrupt if it fulfills its obligation. Moreover, pressure from Congressmen to hold down weapons costs continues: Democratic Senator William Proxmire of Wisconsin, a sharp critic of the Pentagon, has scheduled hearings this week that will delve into the F-14 dispute. Grumman's major problem stems from the fact that the contract it signed in 1969 called for cost estimates to be projected up to five years ahead—a period that has proved too long for accurate forecasts. Indeed, the Pentagon has since switched to "milestone" agreements that call for development costs to be restudied every year or so and prices to be changed if necessary.

Grumman Chairman E. Clinton Towl insists that the rising costs are not the company's fault. He blames unexpectedly rapid inflation and the steady loss of other defense work, which made remaining projects more costly by forcing them to absorb more of the corporation's overhead. Grumman was hurt by termination of the moon-exploring Apollo program and the loss earlier this year of the prime contract for the \$2.6 billion space-shuttle. Grumman sales in the first nine months of

1972 dropped 26% below the 1971 period, to \$475 million, and profits dived 90%, to \$1.4 million. Bankers are holding back loans, and the company was recently forced to negotiate a \$36 million line of credit with the Navy.

The swing-wing F-14, which can take off from land runways or carriers and has a primary mission of protecting the fleet against air attack, has proved extremely effective in tests. Actual construction of the planes in the latest Navy order is not set to start until mid-1974, and company officials believe that they can work out a satisfactory arrangement with the Navy before then.

The company has two other things going for it: the Navy desperately wants the plane, and the Government is not likely to force into bankruptcy a firm that has served it well. Still, Grumman's stand underscores the need for a hard new look at both the spirit and the letter of the understanding under which the Pentagon and defense suppliers work out their deals.

ANTITRUST

Monopolist Xerox?

When it comes to image building, few big corporations outshine Xerox. A firm that started small (as the Haloid Co.) and grew gigantic on the success of its office copiers, Xerox is known as the builder of a brilliant research team, an enlightened employer, and a responsible corporate citizen. Last year it began a unique sabbatical program in which 20 of its employees each year are paid to work full time on outside social projects. The company regularly sponsors some of TV's best programming, and the price record of its stock is something of a Wall Street legend. But last week the Federal Trade Commission accused Xerox of having another, darker side. In a complaint charging that the company has illegally monopolized the \$1.7 billion copier industry, the FTC said that Xerox has, among other things, ruthlessly stamped out smaller competitors, used its ill-gained market clout to suck in outsize profits from customers, and sought to perpetuate its priceless patents by reregistering slightly different versions of those about to expire.

Faithful Copies. The case is unusual on several important counts. It marks only the second time in recent years that the FTC has sought to break up an alleged monopoly—normally a job left to the Justice Department. Further, the commission did not base its case on either of the two standard antitrust statutes—the Sherman and the Clayton antitrust laws. It leaned instead on a broad and seldom used section in the basic FTC act outlawing "unfair



F-14 SWING-WING TOMCAT FIGHTER PLANE ON TEST FLIGHT
A new act in the Greek tragedy of cost overruns.



XEROX CHAIRMAN McCOLLOUGH
Copying the copier.

methods of competition in commerce."

Xerox, says the complaint, controls 60% of the overall copier market and fully 95% of the business in "plain paper" copiers, which reproduce on stock that does not need to be chemically treated. To redress such dominance, the FTC proposed a series of sweeping measures that might allow other firms to copy Xerox's ubiquitous machines almost as faithfully as the machines copy whatever is put inside them. Xerox, the FTC said, should sell off its controlling interests in British and Japanese copier companies. Also, the Government wants Xerox customers to have the option of buying all Xerox equipment, rather than being forced to lease it, as the company sometimes demands. By far the most radical proposal was that Xerox should offer all its patents, royalty free, to licensees—in effect throwing open one of the most tightly protected patent systems in the world.

In promising to fight "every aspect" of the FTC's case, Xerox Chairman C. Peter McCollough saved his heaviest fire for the patent-giveaway idea. Said he: "What is being challenged here is the very basis of the patent system—the concept that an inventor should be awarded exclusive rights to his invention for a period of time." The Government has, in fact, challenged that idea a few times before. In the interest of promoting competition, General Electric was forced to pass out patented electrical know-how to competitors in the early '50s. But rarely if ever has a court ordered a company to make available such technologically sophisticated information as Xerox owns. As for their marketing methods, Xerox officials claimed that they insist on lease deals only during a two-year period after a new product is introduced, primarily to determine marketing and unit manufacturing costs.

Like IBM, which has been fighting a major antitrust action for four years, Xerox presented an inviting target sim-

ply because of its size and profitability. The company's annual earnings have averaged 20% or more of the amount of equity held by shareholders—an unheard-of return for most outfits that face stiff competition. Xerox does face rivalry from IBM, 3M, SCM and other firms, but it dominates its field as few other companies do. If either the FTC or Xerox chooses to do so, it can probably drag the case through successive FTC hearings and court arguments for years—creating endless piles of Xeroxed documents.

COMPUTERS

Key-Punch Crooks

In the hierarchy of criminals, forgers and safecrackers have long enjoyed elite status because of their special skills. Now they may be topped by the computer criminal. According to Stanford Research Institute Computer Specialist Donn B. Parker, who recently completed a study of 100 crimes involving computers, the potential for illicit gain from the machines is so vast that dishonest employees and even ambitious outsiders will increasingly be tempted to put their knowledge to unlawful use. A handful of key-punch crooks have already thought of some ingenious ways to defraud the Brain, with varying results. Some examples:

► Palo Alto Programmer Hugh Jeffrey Ward learned, from customers of a computer firm in Oakland, code numbers that enabled him to give orders to the firm's computer. Ward claims that, on instructions from his superiors, he told the Oakland computer to print out a program for plotting complex aerospace data in graph form. His company presumably planned to market the program, which was valued at \$12,000 or more, to the Oakland firm's own customers. He was caught through a telephone company tracer and received a suspended sentence.

► Minneapolis Programmer Milo Arthur Bennett, whose firm handled computer work for the National City Bank of Minneapolis, programmed the computer in 1966 to ignore an overdraft in his own account at the bank. He was caught and prosecuted in four months—but only because the computer broke down and the bank's accounts were checked manually.

► An employee of the New Jersey National Bank electronically siphoned \$128,000 out of 33 of the bank's accounts and into the balances of two outside accomplices. The trio were caught because the bank switched to new computers that did not give the "inside man" time to erase the withdrawal data from the defrauded customers' bank statements, as had been planned.

► Jerry Schneider, a 21-year-old UCLA engineering graduate, studied Pacific Telephone and Telegraph's computer by posing first as a journalist

and later as a customer. He learned enough to place commercial orders for telephone equipment simply by punching the right beep tones on his own touch telephone. He then picked up the equipment and sold it through a dummy firm. Incredibly, the telephone company let his unpaid bills accumulate for three years. The Los Angeles district attorney charged that Schneider stole \$1,000,000 worth of goods in that manner, and the engineer drew a 40-day jail sentence. Now on probation, he is setting up a firm to advise businesses on how to protect themselves against the kind of computer theft he used to practice.

► A Washington, D.C., man takes the prize for elegant—and successful—simplicity: he pocketed all the deposit slips at the writing desks of the Riggs National Bank and replaced them with his own electronically coded forms. For three days, every customer who came in without a personal slip and used one of the "blank" forms was actually depositing money into the culprit's account. The thief reappeared, withdrew \$100,000 and walked away: he has not yet been found.

To cut down the rising incidence of automated rip-offs, companies that own computers are installing more and more gadgetry to improve security. The Defense Department is working on guidelines designed to prevent unauthorized use of multi-access computers used by military contractors. "Computer audits," in which certain uses of the computer are carefully monitored, and computer ID cards are also growing in popularity. Such measures make computer crime more difficult, but then smart crooks usually have a way of escalating their skills right along with the law. For one thing, says Parker, they can enroll in one of the computer courses now offered as vocational rehabilitation in many U.S. prisons.

EX-COMPUTER CON JERRY SCHNEIDER



The Cynic's Gift Catalogue

CYNICS, according to Oscar Wilde, are those who know the price of everything and the value of nothing. Faced with the vast menu of life, they gaze exclusively at the right-hand side—until, at last, they forget why they came in. For Christmas and the New Year, then, let this be their gift: to lose their jaded tastes, their enmity with ordinary extravagance and to gain an appetite for value as well as price. If they must commit the venal sin of self-indulgence, let them learn to do it in style.

The cynic must allow no one to exceed him; parity begins at home. That home can be designed by one of the world's great architects—Marcel Breuer. At 70, Breuer is not anxious to design houses. He will take on a dwelling, says his office, "if it allows him to explore new ideas." Such exploration would necessarily include "a nice site and a client who is not only nice but who will also allow construction without an economic struggle." Breuer's value is universally acknowledged. His price: 15% of the building's cost, the standard commission charged by lesser architects. Excellence costs no more than mediocrity—and it can get your name in the papers.

Half a loaf is better than none. And a long loaf—say about three months' worth—is best of all. For the cynic who has always envied Paul Gauguin, the *Kungholm* departs Jan. 12 for a 94-day voyage to the South Pacific, calling at such Conradi ports as the Marquesas, Mooréa and Tahiti. Average fare: about \$6,500. For those who prefer the fictional accomplishments of Phileas Fogg (after all, Gauguin died broke), the *Gripsholm* will allow passengers to go round the world in 86 days, with stops at India, Ceylon and Singapore, etc. (\$3,665 for a double-occupancy inside cabin; \$10,110 for a topside single). For those who find beaches tiresome, Lindblad Travel Inc. offers a two-week journey to the South Pole for about \$3,500. Penguins are free.

If the itch to travel can be summarily scratched, the hunger for acquisition is not so easily appeased. No need to parody the King Ranch: the cynic can start small. A shrewd shopper may buy an entire ten-acre island in Deer-
Skin Lake, Wis., for \$115,000. For a bit more, the Bahamas' entire Whale Cay, complete with mansion and matching village can be acquired: 650 acres, 20

minutes by plane from downtown Nassau, seven white-sand beaches, and all priced to sell at \$3,500,000. Is the purchaser partial to antiques? He can live in one (when he is not in his Breuer building). A restored castle near the Loire is a frane bargain at \$10,000.

The common disease of the cynic is Vicarious Vertigo—the dizzying belief that he can be someone else. Very well, then, let him be, say, André Watts or Artur Rubinstein. Every pianist is familiar with the tale of the Texan who



LOIRE VALLEY CASTLE
FIEDLER CONDUCTING POPS
SOUTH POLAR EXPLORERS



ARTHUR FIEDLER—REDFERNS



SOUTH POLAR EXPLORERS—AP/WIDEWORLD

asked an old man, "How do I get to Carnegie Hall?" and received the reply, "Practice! Practice!" Alas, repetition cannot guarantee a recital. But \$2,000 can. For that amount, the cynic may rent the entire Carnegie Hall, with Steinway, to play *Chopsticks* all evening. After all, who's listening? The cynic can be Arthur Fiedler for \$500; for that donation, the Boston Pops will go under his baton for one easy piece.

Perhaps the cynic has higher sights. For his third home, how about a place that formerly belonged to the famous? Or that belonged to the formerly famous? Dean Martin's estate in Hidden Valley, Calif., is on the block. Obvious-

ly the victim of a distress sale, the entire 63 acres with practice golf course is a mere \$1,500,000. Kim Novak's jutting Gulf House in Carmel Highlands, Calif., cannot hold all her favorite animals. Therefore she offers it for \$195,000. For those of truly regal envy, Belgian King Leopold II's *fin-de-siècle* playhouse is going for \$800,000.

The cynic need not cross the ocean to become a royal voluptuary. He can start modestly at Manhattan's leading massage parlor, Caesar's Retreat, which can be rented in its entirety for \$2,000 a night. Says the suave proprietor: "For our bacchana service, instead of one

Toga girl you get three of them to work you over on a Caesar-sized water bed. Then they go the whole route—you know, champagne bubble baths, popping grapes in your mouth. You get the picture?" Escalating slightly, the cynic may have Hugh Hefner's 97-passenger jet, complete with circular bed and three (count them, three) bunnies. Price fixed at \$5.15 per mile. For those who crave companionship—with funny business discouraged, however—Rent-A-Bird escort service in Miami will provide the purchaser with a different lady for \$50 per night. A male bird will cost the lady cynic \$55. The extra \$5 is not for the plumage; it is, says his service, for opening doors, pulling out chairs, car rental, etc.

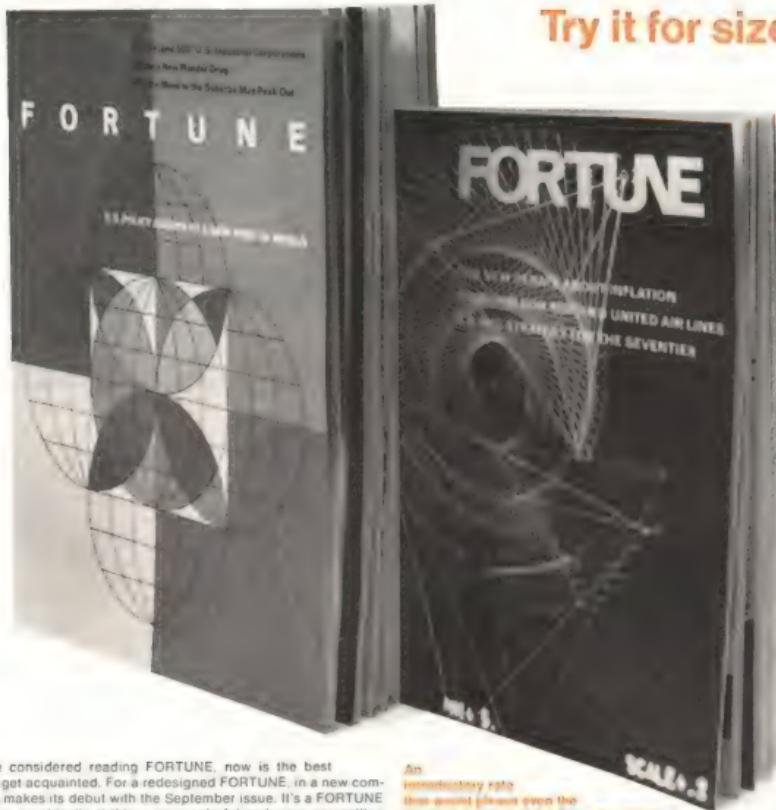
Demanded Brillat-Savarin: "You, the first parents of the human race, who ruined yourselves for an apple, what would you not have done for a truffled turkey?" How about having it at the Four Seasons restaurant, rented *in toto*, kitchen and all, for \$50 per guest. Minimum guest list: 500 sibarites. After several weeks of this, the cynic may wish to avail himself of a dietary physician. Typical fee: \$75 first visit; individualized diet, \$60. Or he or she may prefer a *real* change in appearance. Face-lift: \$3,000. Sex change: \$10,000.

Of course, the most profound changes are the ones that come from inside. With them the jaded cynics run the dreadful risk of becoming interested in something besides themselves. Such alteration is seasonally appropriate: New Year's Eve is the traditional time to yearn for a new self. But take comfort: the Dickensian notion of a benevolent Scrooge will not outlast the first January snow. Even now the bills for the Christmas presents are in the mail, proclaiming the price of everything and the value of nothing: we shall all be cynics soon enough.

■ Stefan Kanfer

We've designed a new FORTUNE.

Try it for size



If you've considered reading FORTUNE, now is the best time to get acquainted. For a redesigned FORTUNE, in a new compact size, makes its debut with the September issue. It's a FORTUNE that's more graphically striking, more colorful and more compelling to read than ever before. And because it costs us less to produce, it costs you less to read.

The new look of FORTUNE

We've always been an elegant looking magazine. And now we'll be even more striking. In its slightly smaller 9" x 11" size, FORTUNE will have the flexibility to incorporate graphics and fresh design concepts throughout the magazine. As for convenience, you'll find it easier to handle FORTUNE, travel with FORTUNE, fit the magazine into a briefcase, read in planes, trains, even in bed.

FORTUNE: a rare bird in business journalism

FORTUNE is America's leading interpreter of enterprise—a magazine long familiar with the corridors of power...relentlessly inquisitive about what it finds there...and dedicated to sharing these insights with its management readers. Every word, picture and chart is impeccably researched—for relevance, for reliability, for the insights offered. It's a close-up look at the ever-changing, but always fascinating world of business—as it really exists. Companies on the move, companies on the make, companies in trouble....The gambles that won, the strategies that failed. The technocrats, bureaucrats and autocrats and how they operate. It's a view of business you can get nowhere else.

An introductory rate that could please even the most discriminating of the Price Commissioners

Because the new FORTUNE uses less paper, ink and postage, we invite you to share in the savings. As a new reader, you are welcome to take advantage of FORTUNE's special introductory rate: the next 21 months of FORTUNE for \$14.75 (only 70¢ a copy). A substantial savings—\$6.25 less than at the annual subscription price; \$27.25 below the newsstand cost.

Plus a bonus: The Fortune Double 500 Directory

With your subscription we'll include a complimentary copy of the 1972 FORTUNE Double 500 Directory. This single reference tool provides you with more than 31,000 pertinent facts and figures that position America's 1,000 leading industrial corporations: their sales, net income, invested capital, earnings per share, number of employees. Similar data on the 50 largest U.S. banks, utilities, retailers, life insurance, transportation and diversified financial companies is also included. All in all, a wealth of information for the executive and the investor—everything from sales volumes to net profits to stockholders' equity.

Why not try FORTUNE for size. For substance. To set the wheels in motion just fill out and mail the accompanying card—or write to



FORTUNE

541 North Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Illinois 60611



VICTORIA AT AGE FOUR



ON WEDDING DAY (1840)



PRINCE ALBERT



WITH GEORGE V, EDWARD VII & VIII

BOOKS

Reginal Politics

QUEEN VICTORIA

by CECIL WOODHAM-SMITH
486 pages. Knopf. \$10.95

Victoria: even today the name conjures up a glacial and portly figure swathed in black mourning, the aged face set in its pale exophthalmic stare of hauteur as she proceeds (for monarchs do not walk) across some shaven lawn at Balmoral. She is a living monument, testy, imperious, not amused. When the old die we remember them as old, and so it has been with Queen Victoria.

The Victorian stereotype alone does not explain the woman's extraordinary fascination for biographers. Kings and queens are not, as a rule, very interesting people—the house of Hanover, in particular, had a flair of dullness, except when its sons were deranged by porphyria or brandy—and Victoria was one of the few British monarchs to be a wholly singular creature. "She not merely filled the chair. She filled the room," remarked the Duke of Wellington, a man not easily impressed, when he saw her after she had received the news of William IV's death and her own accession to the throne.

In time the room became the world. The personality was so intriguing, the life so long (by her death in 1901, Victoria had reigned for 64 years and been served by no less than ten Prime Ministers), the power so great, the politics so convoluted and the documentation so rich that Victoria became the subject of 19th century biography.

Cecil Woodham-Smith's *Victoria* is the first of two books. It takes the sovereign's life as far as the death of Albert, her prince consort, in 1861. The

author had access to the Royal Family Archives at Windsor, and her rich effort at historical reconstruction is one of the finest biographies in English since George Painter's classic *Maurice Proust*. It is also an engrossing love story. Woodham-Smith is a historian, not a Crawfie. Her romance, moreover, is told without sentimentality and is set against the forbidding complexities of 19th century European politics.

Victoria took the throne at a time when it seemed the English monarchy could be either liked or respected, but not both. "Notwithstanding his feeble purpose and littleness of mind, his ignorance and his prejudices," the *Spectator* editorialized after her uncle's death. "William the Fourth was to the last a popular sovereign; but his very popularity was acquired at the price of something like public contempt."

Victoria gave the crown its prestige again. An iron toughness of spirit enabled her to do so. Indeed without such a will, even her childhood would have been unsupportable. Her father, one of the brutish Hanoverian dukes, died when she was only one year old. The widowed duchess then came under the influence of an Irish swindler named John Conroy. It was he who set up the famous "Kensington system" for rear-ing Victoria. Its aim was to make her totally dependent upon her pathetic mother and so, by remote control, upon Conroy. Little Victoria had to sleep in her mother's room. She could never be alone. But she rarely had company of her own age—except Conroy's daughter, Victoria, whom she loathed.

In the drafty isolation cell of Kensington Palace, with only her beloved governess Lehzen to moderate Conroy's schemes, Victoria was the object of endless political intrigue between court fac-

tions who wanted to influence the future monarch. "I will be good," the 11-year-old Victoria exclaimed with fervor when Lehzen revealed to her that one day she would be Queen. But life, meanwhile, was cruelly tedious. "I am very fond of pleasant society," she complained when 16, "and we have been for the last three months immured within our old palace. I longed sadly for some gaiety." The princess was a creature of exuberant vitality. As a diarist, for example, she tried to practice total recall, scribbling and underlining 2,000 words a day. Her journal eventually filled 122 volumes, an unparalleled historical document that, probably for reasons of Victorian prudery, was mostly destroyed by her daughter Princess Beatrice after the Queen died.

Victoria was incapable of compromise and deceit. Her honesty made her a formidable queen-empress. She was prone to take any political maneuver as a personal slight and made no secret of her dislike for such figures as Sir Robert Peel whom she once described as a "cold, unfeeling and disagreeable man" with a smile "like a silver plate on a coffin." Others benefited from Victoria's longing for a father: notably her first Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne, a charming Whig and absolutist to whom she was deeply attached. Melbourne's indifference to reform may well have atrophied Victoria's own social conscience. But her will to be loved, confined but not reduced by the palace schedules, finally descended on one man and produced the most celebrated marriage of the 19th century.

Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha was a careerist whose training and education had for years been directed toward one end: marriage with Victoria. How the union proceeded forms one

of the most entertaining strands in Mrs. Woodham-Smith's book. Victoria had seen him before, but she first fell in love with this blue-and-blond *Parisifl* in 1839. "It was with some emotion that I beheld Albert—who is *beautiful*," she observed in her diary. Their correspondence from the beginning was a model of Victorian decorum and devotion ("Never, never did I think I could be loved so much"). Their engagement was long and set about with squabbles over precedence and income that Victoria, as was her custom, eventually resolved with regal finality. Albert seems to have

been sexually tepid, as Victoria apparently was not. His priggishness and diffidence, however, were compensated for by his immense marital devotion.

Victoria's impulsive reach for a gunboat was as quick as Lord Palmerston's whenever the empire's prerogatives were challenged. Although Albert tried to assert the principle that the crown should be above politics, she remained, as one expects queens to be, a natural Tory. Thus she ignored the Chartist riots of 1839, largely because no minister could persuade her that the rabble mattered. Albert and Victoria

Paperback Dividend: Children's Books

The continuing paperback revolution in children's books is doing wonders for parents, schools and libraries that have grown numb over the cost (\$4.95 and up) of any hardback books for the young. Led by Dell and Viking, more and more publishers lately have been bringing out durable, attractive and low-priced paper editions of children's classics, new and old. Among the greats, near greats and notables now available:

Mary Poppins, by P.L. Travers, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; \$1.45.

The Phantom Tollbooth, by Norton Juster, Random House; 95¢.

The Little House books, by Laura Ingalls Wilder, Harper & Row; 8 vols., 95¢ each.

Six Stories, by E. Nesbit, Penguin; 6 vols., \$1.25 each.

Charlotte's Web and *Stuart Little*, by E.B. White, Dell; 95¢ each.

The Chronicles of Narnia, by C.S. Lewis, Collier; 7 vols., 95¢ each.

From the Mixed-Up Files of Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler, by E.L. Konigsburg, Atheneum; 95¢.

Pippi Longstocking, by Astrid Lindgren, Viking; 75¢.

Island of the Blue Dolphins (Dell) and *The Black Pearl* (Houghton Mifflin), by Scott O'Dell; 95¢ each.

The Wolves of Willoughby Chase, by Joan Aiken, Dell; 75¢.

Winnie-the-Pooh, by A.A. Milne, Dell; 75¢.

Horrible the Spy, by Louise Fitzhugh, Dell; 95¢.

The Cricket in Times Square (Dell),

75¢ and *Tucker's Countryside* (*Camelot*), 95¢, by George Selden.

The Wind in the Willows, by Kenneth Grahame, Dell; 95¢.

The Famous Five Series, by Enid Blyton, Atheneum; 95¢ each.

The Tale of Peter Rabbit and Squirrel Nutkin, by Beatrix Potter, Dover; \$1 each.

The Story of Ferdinand, by Munro Leaf, Viking; 95¢.

The High King, by Lloyd Alexander, Dell; 95¢.

The Borrowers and *The Borrowers Afield*, by Mary Norton, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; 75¢ each.

Sounder, by William Armstrong, Harper & Row; \$1.25.

MAINLY PICTURES

London Bridge Is Falling Down (\$1.25) and *The Fox Went Out on a Chilly Night* (95¢), by Peter Spier, Doubleday.

Madeline, by Ludwig Bemelmans, Viking; \$1.25.

The Snowy Day, by Ezra Jack Keats, Viking; 95¢.

Make Way for Ducklings, by Robert McCloskey, Viking; 75¢.

Stained Glass Windows Coloring Book, by Paul E. Kennedy, Dover; \$1.50.

Aesop's Fables Coloring Book, Dover; \$1.25.

Goodnight Moon, by Margaret Wise Brown, Scholastic; 75¢.

Obadiah the Bold, by Brinton Turkle, Viking; 75¢.

Drummer Hoff, by Ed Emberley, Prentice-Hall; 95¢.



It's different on Sondra



than on Sara.



Cachet. The new fragrance as individual as she is.

Cachet is something a little different on every girl. Which means it'll be different on the girl you give it to, too. Different and special. Just like her name. Cachet by Prince Matchabelli.



REA Air Express Unites the States!



Call your local REA Air Expressman.
He can deliver your shipment in one
day to any of 522 airport cities and
22,000 communities in North America.

**REA AIR
EXPRESS**

The nationwide priority
shipping service of REA Express
and 31 major airlines.



BOOKS

concurred on one political principle, that a sovereign's duty was to save "her" people from the blunders of their elected representatives. By custom, the Queen ruled her consort. In practice he eventually tamed and directed her. "I treasured up everything I heard," she wrote, "kept every letter in a box to tell & show him, & was always so vexed & nervous if I had any foolish draft or dispatch to show him, as I knew it would distress & irritate him and affect his poor dear stomach."

Victoria was related to most of the crowned heads of Europe. She was also the last great British monarch presiding over the largest empire in history. Her personality—dominated by Albert—affected nearly all the great events of the 19th century, from the revolutions of 1848 to Britain's brave bungling in the Crimea. But when Albert died in 1861—of typhoid fever, from the fetid drains of Windsor Castle—she was left in an almost unimaginable isolation. "The words on all lips," runs the last sentence of Woodham-Smith's book, "the feelings in all hearts were: What is going to happen now to the poor Queen?" One waits for Volume 2. ■ Robert Hughes

Bush Country Boyhood

A STORY LIKE THE WIND

By LAURENS VAN DER POST

370 pages. Morrow. \$7.95.

This rich memoir in the form of fiction does honor to a part of African culture now mostly dissipated or adulterated: the tribal way of living that civilized people are pleased to call primitive. The author, who knows Africa well and has written of it memorably in *The Lost World of the Kalahari*, argues in a passionate introduction that the nature of primitive Africa must somehow be recorded so it will "always be there to help thaw the frozen imagination of our civilized systems so that some sort of spring can come again to the minds of men."

The book, which is the account of a solitary white boy's troubled 14th year on his family's ranch in southern Rhodesia, gracefully carries a fairly heavy load of earnest emotion. During a year of violent events that bring his childhood to an end, young François Joubert, whose Huguenot ancestors settled in Africa 300 years ago, encounters three men of extraordinary nobility: a Bushman-hunter, a prophet and healer, and a Matahele chief. Their influence moves him toward a rejection of European attitudes.

The plot turns on an invasion from the troubled north by strange blacks equipped with European weapons and a shabby Asian brand of revolution. François, a loyal Bushman friend and the pretty 13-year-old daughter of a neighboring rancher escape the massacre by taking refuge in a cave, which François has stocked with provisions. There is a strong note of never-never

Bisquit Cognac. The noblest Napoleon of them all.

Calling yourself Napoleon doesn't guarantee that you're a Napoleon cognac. Unless you come from the Cognac region of France.

Bisquit is a Napoleon cognac born of the rarest cognac grapes.

A cognac so extraordinary, we are permitted to label it Fine Champagne and VSOP.

Look around. How many Napoleons can make that statement?



PRODUCT OF FRANCE 80 PROOF IMPORTED BY GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK

A HAT FOR ALL SEASONS

America's foremost hatter designed this snappy hat for us, for casual and travel wear. It's 100% cashmere, fully silk-lined, yet feather light.

You can roll it, crush it, fold it or wear it in pouring rain—it will always snap back to its pre-blocked shape. Styled in the English tradition, with the correct 2" brim, this handsome hat is available in full range of sizes, and comes in herringbone or plaid. A touch of comfort and casual elegance for sport, travel and year-round wear.

Please send me the Cashmere Travel Hat, size

Pattern: Herringbone Glen-plaid.

Color: Brown Harker's Grey.

My check for \$20.95 (\$19.95 plus \$1

post. & insur.) is enclosed. Call.

residents add tax. Full refund

within two weeks if not

delighted. (Give Master

Charge or BankAmericard

No. if you wish to charge.)

Name _____

Address _____

Zip _____

haverhill's

584 Washington Street

San Francisco 94111



MÉDOC

LE GRAND DE BORDEAUX



taste with closed eyes

Matured in your cellar and slowly brought to the temperature of your dining-room, you decant MEDOC before serving.

With the most exquisite dishes, announce this great red wine: its name, its appellation, its vintage date.

As one should when looking at a glass of claret you will be fascinated by its ruby colour, enjoy its bouquet and at last taste it with a gurgle to expand all its fruit and body.

Then perhaps you will be caught with closed eyes.



BOOKS

to the story, and while the time apparently is the late 1950s, the impression persists that the author really is saying farewell to his own childhood in Africa decades before.

What raises the book beyond a simple adventure is the exceptional quality of Van der Post's observations of the bush country. He knows the intricate workings of a Matabele law court and the curious fact that baboons teach their young to count aloud to the number three (but not beyond, because to baboons all numbers higher than three are simply "a hell of a lot"). Van der Post is right: the reader finds with great pleasure that such knowledge does the civilized imagination. ■ John Skow



BILL VEECK AT SUFFOLK DOWNS (1968)

Black Cats and Maidens

THIRTY TONS A DAY
by BILL VEECK with ED LINN
296 pages. Viking. \$8.95.

In 1961, when Bill Veeck thought he was going to die of a brain tumor, he sold his Chicago White Sox baseball team and wrote a humorous, hard-bitten memoir, *Veeck*—as in *Wreck*. Then, finding himself at least temporarily immortal, in 1968 he took a job as president of Suffolk Downs race track near Boston and plunged headlong into the murky world of horse racing and Massachusetts politics. *Thirty Tons a Day*, written with the same zest as his earlier book, is an entertaining account of Veeck's disastrous descent into horse-racing hell with Hector and Hilarius as companions.

There was more to salvaging the semimoribund "Suffering Downs" than spending money for a new paint job or personally carting out the artificial flowers from the clubhouse—or even learning how to cope with the 30 tons of horse manure that the track manufac-



**"You can't handle
a quarter-million in
investments in your
spare time."**

"Especially when you don't have any spare time. And I don't."

"I talked to my attorney about it. Told him I wanted my investments handled full time, by professionals, but that I needed more than just an investment service.

"For instance, I wanted to assign the investment income to members of my family. And I wanted to make certain that if something happened to me the estate wouldn't be eaten up by taxes.

"My attorney introduced me to a trust officer at Continental Bank.

"The Continental specialist went over my whole financial set-up with us and established what they called a living trust.

"The trust arrangement works the way I want it to. And most important: All my stock investments are being handled by professionals. People who are the best in their business.

"And that's not just a layman's opinion. I found out that Continental is presently investing billions of dollars for all kinds of customers. Not just people like me, but big corporations and pension funds and institutions with big endowments.

"It makes me feel that my money is in good company."

If your investments are at the \$250,000 level or above, you can profit from the attentions of Continental Bank's full time professionals. For information call Edward Benninghoven, Vice President, in our Trust Department, at 312/828-3500.



CONTINENTAL BANK

Continental Illinois National Bank and Trust Company of Chicago,
231 South LaSalle St., Chicago, Illinois 60690 Member F.D.I.C.

HUNGARIAN FOOD IS JUST LIKE MANDARIN.

It's spicy. And when you serve dishes that people have been spicing up for centuries, you need wine that's been bred to bring fiery dishes down to tolerable temperatures. In Hungary, where people eat what must be the spiciest diet on earth, they keep their cool with Greyfriar Szurkebarát—a dry, full-bodied white wine with a characteristic mellow bouquet. Now this classic Hungarian vintage is available in better package stores here. Next time you're serving spicy food, take the edge off the way the Hungarians do.



HUNGARIAN GREYFRIAR SZURKEBARÁT

International Vintage Wines, San Francisco

When you've got a simple thing like the Pap test,

it's criminal that any woman should run the risk of undetected cancer of the uterus.

It's one of the most common cancers in women. And you can spot it in time to do something about it. With the Pap test:

A simple little internal checkup that takes your doctor practically no time at all.

Look, right now, while you're thinking of it, why not call your doctor and make an appointment for a Pap test?

Don't be afraid.

It's what you don't know that can hurt you.

AMERICAN
CANCER
SOCIETY



You are an important and very sensitive person and your face is no baloney!

That being so, are you doing yourself justice by shaving with an ordinary safety razor—an instrument not fundamentally improved since its invention 76 years ago, and based on about the same principle as used for cutting sausages? Why should you have to go on—day after day—chopping, scratching, scraping, and bleeding, and not even getting a decent shave for all your trouble? Change all that! Treat yourself to the **Stahly Live Blade Shaver**.

Wind the handle of this beautiful chrome shaver, and its tiny watchwork motor will hummily impart 6000 minuscule vibrations per minute to the blade. Lather your face as usual and simply glide the **Stahly** through the toughest beard, for the fastest, smoothest shave ever. Nothing in your previous shaving career will have prepared you for this startling difference. Isn't it worth a few dollars to bring happiness to a drab daily routine?

□ Please send me the **Stahly Shaver**. I understand that it uses standard blades and comes in a lined snap case with my initials. Return in two weeks if not delighted. One year guarantee for parts and workmanship. My check for \$19.95 (\$18.95 plus \$1 for post. & ins.) is enclosed. (Calif. res. add tax.)

Name _____

(Initials) _____

Address _____

Zip _____

584 Washington Street
San Francisco, California 94111

haverhill's
T11225

BOOKS

tured each day. Veeck found himself in combat with what he describes as the "venal" Boston press and an allegedly corrupt clique of public officials and race-track owners.

"The politicians are a pain in the neck," writes Veeck, "because they keep you from doing what you're trying to do." What Veeck wanted, among other things, was additional racing dates (which conflicted with Massachusetts' lucrative dog-racing schedule) and permission to allow parents to bring their children to Suffolk Downs (at the time against the racing commission rules). Eventually he hauled his opponents into court. In mouth-to-mouth combat, he bloodied local politicians, the racing commission and even the state's attorney general, who deliberately stood in contempt of court in his futile efforts to best Veeck. Without tongue in cheek, Veeck's account of these events is alternately fascinating, horrifying and amusing.

Veeck, who once introduced a midget into the lineup of his baseball team to please the fans—and frustrate opposing pitchers—had a few other new promotional capers up his sleeve to boost track attendance. To one of more than 4,000 racegoers who officially submitted beefs about the track, Veeck presented a Brahman bull and a couple of calves. When he threatened to give away 100 black cats as seat prizes, he was deluged by complaints from ladies who thought he had stolen their favorite pets. He hired a tribe of Indians to re-create Custer's Last Stand in the infield—but the massacre was mercifully rained out. In the days when women were still fighting for their rights as jockeys, Veeck put on the Lady Godiva race, with eight girls on eight fillies. Said he: "I'd like to put eight maidens on eight maidens, but I don't think I'd be able to fill the race."

Veeck succeeded in his re-creation of the chariot race from *Ben Hur*. But a heat wave turned his rich \$200,000-added Yankee Gold Cup stakes into an attendance disaster. He should have been forewarned from the way his wooden leg was acting before the race. The day before the Gold Cup it split. Veeck had a slightly shorter spare in his Maryland home. The airlines refused to carry it as baggage, but allowed it passage on a first-class ticket. Since no one wanted to sit next to a wooden leg, Veeck actually had to buy two first-class tickets for the flight so he'd have a leg to stand on for the big race.

Veeck's defeat, if it was one, finally came when the parent company, a voracious conglomerate, gobbled up the track's operating money. "I marshaled my forces," writes Veeck, "to seek my fame and fortune as the operator of a race track. Two years later, fortune having taken one look at my weathered features and shaken its hoary locks, I retreated, smiling gamely. And bravely. And winsomely." So does the book.

• George Dickerson



What has blond hair and blue water?

Norwegian Caribbean Cruises. Norwegian for the seamanship. Caribbean for the fun of it. Join us. Just about everything's included. From swimming pools to movie theatres to gourmet dining. Once you see our prices, you can stop saving and start packing. Departures from Miami. See your travel agent or write: Norwegian Caribbean Lines®, 100 Biscayne Boulevard, Miami, Florida 33132. Offices: New York, Chicago, Dallas, Los Angeles, Pittsburgh, London.

M/S Southward Two-Week Cruise:

Curaçao, Caracas (La Guaira), Grenada, Barbados, Martinique, St. Croix, San Juan, St. Thomas, Nassau. \$495 to \$1075.® Departs: 1972: Dec. 2, 16, 30. 1973: Jan. 13, 27. Feb. 10, 24. Mar. 10, 24. Apr. 7, 21.

M/S Skyward One-Week Cruise:

Cap-Haïtien, San Juan, St. Thomas, Nassau. \$250 to \$750.® Departs every Saturday.

M/S Starward One-Week Cruise:

Port-au-Prince, Kingston, Montego Bay, Port Antonio. \$250 to \$825.® Departs every Saturday.

M/S Sunward

3- and 4-day Cruises:
3 days/Nassau. \$95 to \$240.® Every Friday. 4 days/Freeport, Nassau. \$115 to \$265.® Every Monday. All ships are registered in Norway. All rates subject to space availability.
®Per person, double occupancy.

Norwegian Caribbean Cruises®

Norwegian for the seamanship. Caribbean for the fun of it.

CINEMA

Parlor Trick

SLEUTH

Directed by JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ

Screenplay by ANTHONY SHAFFER

This is a fastidious, acrobatically cunning and invigoratingly well-acted thriller. It gently parodies the puzzles of what has come to be known as the golden age of detective fiction at the same time that it cannily manipulates them. That golden age, as a line in the script defines it, was "when every Cabinet Minister had a thriller by his bedside, and all the detectives were titled." To fully enjoy *Sleuth*, it is necessary to have an indulgent affection for this minor literary tradition. Shaffer is

to dress up in a clown's outfit and stumble about, under the husband's wry supervision, trying to blow up a safe and remove the jewelry it contains.

The situation is absurd, of course, and not made any less so because Shaffer knows it and to some extent plays on it. Surprise and considerable theatrical skill are what *Sleuth* offers; yet its surprises, harking back again to the golden age, are of a singularly artificial and engineered kind. Shaffer is a better writer by yards than, say, Christie; yet *Sleuth* is finally undone by the same problems as beset those musty standards, *Ten Little Indians* or *The Mousetrap*. Such works tease and divert; yet there is always a feeling of having been a little cheated after the curtain falls or



CONFRONTATION IN "SLEUTH": MICHAEL CAINE & LAURENCE OLIVIER
A puzzle from the golden age, when every detective was titled.

shrewd with a plot turn and smooth with breezy characterization. But he asks us, as did Dorothy L. Sayers, Agatha Christie or any other reigning monarch of the golden age, to accept too much and think too little.

Andrew Wyke (Laurence Olivier) is a wealthy member of the English gentry. He is also the author of a dozen novels about the aristocratic investigator St. John Lord Merridew and an obsessive games player whose home looks like a cross between Pollock's Toy Museum and a penny arcade. Milo Tindle (Michael Caine), a London hairdresser whose parents were Italian and—worst yet—Jewish, is the lover of Wyke's estranged wife. He comes by Wyke's stately home one afternoon to discuss a divorce. Wyke instead presses him into an intricate plot to defraud an insurance company. Shaffer would have us believe that one man, wanting another's wife, could easily be persuaded

the last page is turned. Their stubborn remoteness from reality, which is part of their charm, is also their undoing.

In his justly famed essay, *The Simple Art of Mystery*, Raymond Chandler suggested that the central problem of the formal detective novel is that authors skilled at thinking out riddles are not very concerned with the niceties of style and characterization; by contrast, a better writer "won't be bothered with the coolie labor of breaking down unbreakable alibis." Shaffer tries to escape this dilemma by concentrating first on the personal, then the class bitterness between Wyke and Tindle, but the intricacies of his plot hem him in; the bitterness, instead of a motive, seems like an excuse. Characters remain incidental to the contortions of plot.

In this film adaptation, the prosecution arches of the London and New York stage versions seem to be looming just out of camera range. Mankie-

wicz is a film maker who has always taken a bemused interest in the folkways of the theater. He wrote and directed *All About Eve*, a film to which he pays sly homage here, and he has chosen to accentuate the script's staginess instead of trying to break out of it. The movie begins with shots of various set designs and ends with a curtain descending briskly on a miniature stage. Even his deliberate flaunting does not solve the problem. It is like a crippled man bedecking his wheelchair with flowers in hopes that no one will notice his paralysis.

Of late, Olivier's movie activity has been confined to playing a variety of cameos in top-heavy histories like *Nicholas and Alexandra*. It is good to see him again in a role of size, if not of substance, and he makes wonderful sport of it. His face is a study in split-second metamorphoses. He does so much with it so fast that sometimes, in a close-up, he gives the impression of a multiple exposure. Caine seems not in the least daunted by acting with a legend incarnate. To say that he matches Olivier in every way is to pay him the highest of compliments.

■ Joy Cocks

Quick Cuts

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JUDGE ROY BEAN.

In the interests of seasonal dictates concerning goodwill, it can be said that this John Huston movie, which is inept in almost every regard, contains a performance of astonishing virtuosity by Bruno the Bear. He is large, brown, fury and friendly. He bites cigars from mouths gently but firmly. He guzzles bottles of beer with almost balletic finesse. He steals scenes effortlessly from Paul Newman, which is, alas, not quite so difficult as it once might have been. He fights bravely and dies heroically but prematurely—long before the movie has meandered to a close. Besides Newman, playing a desperado who dabbles in rough-and-ready jurisprudence, the cast includes Jacqueline Bisset, Tab Hunter, Stacy Keach, Roddy McDowall, Anthony Perkins and Ava Gardner, none of whom measure up to Bruno's ursine splendor and sheer animal magnetism.

MAN OF LA MANCHA. Aside from *The House of the Dead*, it is difficult to think of another book quite so ill-suited for musical adaptation as *Don Quixote*. That did not prevent the stage version of *Man of La Mancha* from racking up 2,328 performances in New York City alone, besides being translated into almost as many tongues as the King James Bible. Nor has it forestalled this episodically vulgar movie. Dale Wasserman's script plunks Cervantes down in a dank dungeon to await his trial by the Inquisition; there he performs *Don Quixote* as a charade for the amusement and instruction of his fellow prisoners. Peter O'Toole acts both Cervantes and Quixote about as well as Wasserman has written them, although to his credit, he



COCO O'TOOLE & LOREN IN "MAN"

Empty-headed optimism.

looks a little skeptical, even squeamish. Sophia Loren is a ravishing Dulcinea, but she seems to be playing a kind of high-stepping variation on *Two Women*. James Coco is soundly defeated by the role of Sancho Panza. The score by Composer Mitch Leigh and Lyricist Joe Darion contains the inescapable ballad *The Impossible Dream*, surely the most mercilessly lachrymose hymn to empty-headed optimism since *Carousel's* *You'll Never Walk Alone*. One expects to learn at any moment that it will become the national anthem of some newly emerging nation.

AVANTI! Wendell Armbruster Jr. (Jack Lemmon) flies from Baltimore to the Italian island of Ischia to retrieve the body of vacationing Wendell Armbruster Sr., who has died in an auto wreck. Hardly a promising premise for light romantic comedy, but then Billy Wilder is a director who makes a specialty of unconventional rendezvous. William Holden, after all, met Gloria Swanson in *Sunset Boulevard* mostly on account of two dedicated bill collectors, and Tony Curtis and Marilyn Monroe would never have got together in *Some Like It Hot* without the St. Valentine's Day massacre. Lemmon discovers that when his father began going to Ischia ten years earlier to take the cure he had also taken a mistress. She died with him in the crash, but her daughter (Juliet Mills) appears to claim the body and, after a while—too long a while—Lemmon's heart. The topical dialogue by Wilder and I.A.L. Diamond—Kissinger jokes, Billy Graham jokes, etc.—gives this passingly pleasant movie the sound of a Bob Hope TV special. But Miss Mills is fresh and winning, and there is a deft performance by Clive Revill as an unflappable hotel manager who treats the problems of the tourist season, from overcrowding to murder, with style and resource. • J.C.

SHOW BUSINESS

Broadway's Big Down

Broadway has been doing an unconvincing job of dying for as long as it has been alive. These days, however, its hypochondria is being taken seriously—and with good reason. From all standpoints, the current season is as grim as any that Broadway oldtimers can remember since the Depression.

Things stumbled to a start with four flop musicals that lost their producers and backers a total of \$2.5 million (*Ambassador*, *Lysistrata*, *Dude* and *Via Galactica*). The most spectacular were *Dude*—quickly nicknamed “Dud”—which lost about \$900,000 and *Via Galactica*—originally titled *Up*—which went down for the same amount. With equal fatality, the new plays of the year came and, for the most part, went. Average losses: \$200,000. Arthur Miller's *The Creation of the World and Other Business*, which closed last week after 40 performances, was the sixth play of the season to fold.

In all, 16 of Broadway's 34 theaters were dark last week. Of the 18 in business, only a handful—including those housing the musicals *Pippin* and *Two Gentlemen of Verona* and the plays *Butley* and *That Championship Season*—were taking in enough at the box office to make a profit for the shows and for themselves. (Broadway theaters do not charge rent from producers, but take 25% of the box office gross.) Just to rub things in, some 23 national touring companies of past seasons' hits like *Jesus Christ Superstar* and *No, No, Nanette* are outdrawing Broadway productions for the first time in history, with grosses so far this season running about 30% ahead of Broadway's.

What is the cause of the problem? A lack of good plays? The unions? The exodus to the suburbs? The economy? A major factor is the decline of the Times Square—Broadway neighborhood, with its prostitutes, massage parlors and porno emporiums. Producer David Merrick complains of “those wise guys who like to crack jokes on

TV about being bumped on the head in the streets of New York.”

Jokes or not, Mayor John Lindsay has been pressing a major campaign to mop up crime around Times Square. At the same time, to help revitalize the area, the mayor's office of midtown planning and development has encouraged builders to include theaters in their new office buildings by offering them a 20% bonus in the amount of floor space now allowed them under the zoning code. So far this year, four new theaters within office buildings have opened in Manhattan's theater district—the first new legitimate theaters in the area since 1928. One, the *Uris*, rang up its curtain on the *Via Galactica* debacle. But in the same building, the 650-seat *Circle in the Square* already has a list of 12,000 subscribers for its first four-play season of classics.

Drastic Steps. Last week the venerable Shubert organization, after some acrimonious fighting and executive realignment, announced drastic steps to halt its own alarming case of deficit tremens. The 16 Broadway theaters owned by the Shubert chain lost \$2,000,000 last season and are doing no better this season. In an effort to improve the efficiency of the theaters, which are in use for only some 16 hours per week, the organization is opening them up to other kinds of attractions besides plays. These have already included a one-man show by Singer Neil Diamond and an auto-show-cum-entertainment for General Motors dealers.

The Broadway structure, however renovated, is still built on audience trends, and these may ultimately determine its fate. “What's wrong with Broadway,” says Veteran Theater Publicist Merle Debuskey, “has a lot to do with the young's peculiar attitude toward it. It isn't part of their daily life. They feel they're entitled to lower prices. They'll spend \$12 for the album of *Jesus Christ Superstar*, but they won't spend that for a ticket. There's the future. How do you beat that?”

RAINY NIGHT ON BROADWAY NEAR THEATER WHERE "DUDE" FLOPPED





The gift with nothing to assemble but special friends. Johnnie Walker Red.

The world's favorite Scotch for the world's favorite season.

100% Blended Scotch Whiskies. 86.8 Proof. Imported by Somerset Importers, Ltd., New York, N.Y.

Your water tastes better filtered through charcoal. So does your Tareyton.



Enjoy better-tasting tap water with an activated charcoal water filter. Get this \$12.99 value water filter for just \$5.00 and two Tareyton wrappers. Send check or money order (no cash) to: Water Filter, Dept. 50, P.O. Box 4486, Chicago, Ill. 60677. Offer expires June 30, 1973. Offer limited to residents of U.S. Enjoy the mild taste of Tareyton with the Activated Charcoal Filter. King Size or 100's.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

King Size. 21 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine, 100 mm. 20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '72